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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 1, 1936
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Vol. CXLVI No. 1906 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUGUST 1 1936

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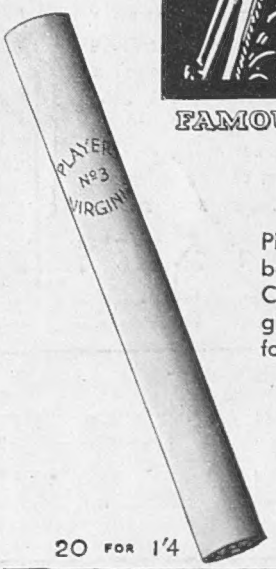

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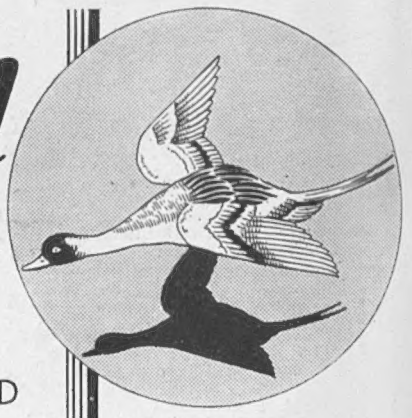

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 1, 1936

"OVER THERE"

The King, "Our Prince of Wales," Unveils the Great Canadian Memorial on Vimy Ridge

For unveiling scenes and key to the above group, see pages 176 and 177

After thanking M. Lebrun, President of the French Republic, in French, for his presence at the ceremony, the King descended the stone steps to the wide platform on which stood the figure of Mourning which was to be unveiled. Speaking in English His Majesty said: "In the capital city of Canada, at the heart of the Dominion, there is a memorial chamber set apart as a perpetual reminder of the service and losses of Canada in the great war. Nine years ago I had the privilege of dedicating the altar within it, where will lie for ever a book of remembrance, recording the names of more than 60,000 Canadians who gave their lives for the cause which Canada made her own. Above the door of the chamber is engraved: 'All's well, for over there among his peers a happy warrior sleeps.' These words reveal the inner meaning of what we do to-day. They tell us that, beautiful and impressive as is the memorial at Ottawa, the Canadian people could not feel that it was complete. It was 'over there' that the Canadian armies fought and died. It is 'over there' that their final monument must stand"

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"THE RAIN, IT RAINETH EVERY DAY": A picture which could have been obtained almost any day this summer. The weather experts now offer a faint gleam of hope by predicting "scattered" showers as against the "occasional" showers of last month which, in some cases, resembled miniature cloud-bursts

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, July 29, 1936.

"NO NEWS OUT OF SPAIN."—Spain keeps its secrets. That is the extraordinary feature of our age, which boasts that improved communications have made fools of time and space and of the earth one large county. In the Middle Ages, the monastic system under a common religious leadership, with its hospitality to pilgrims without regard to race, made of Europe a community of nations which, despite its wars, had a far better knowledge of each other's doings and plannings than we have to-day. A hundred years ago, when our ambassadors and business agents could still see the wood despite the trees, we got more authoritative news of doings and aims in foreign countries than to-day. To-day half the countries of Europe are a closed book to us, and the rest are books written in cypher of which we have not the key. It is a queer state of affairs. We cannot expect to know what is in the mind of Hitler and Mussolini. We might expect to know rather more of the state of, say, German rearmament and Italian political moves. We might reasonably expect to have an outline picture of what is happening in Spain. We have it not. We believe that Spain is being ground between the millstones of Socialism-cum-Communism and of Fascism-cum-Monarchism. The strongest political party is the Socialist, but the Government of Quiroga and his successor is a Republican Government dependent entirely on the Socialist-Communist vote in Parliament. And while the Socialists battle with the Fascists, they are content to leave it to the Republican elements of the hour, which stand for the middle-class or bourgeoisie, to take such steps as will patch-up order and inevitably bring them down. Then Socialism-Communism will step in over their bodies. The issue at the time of writing is still in doubt; the facts too obscure to be worth marshalling. In Seville as well as in Morocco serious military revolts broke out at the end of last week. Then Bedlam broke loose throughout the Spanish dominions. Spanish shells burst over Gibraltar. Big battles raged in the suburbs of Madrid. There were 4,000 casualties at Barcelona alone. The civil war—bitter and costly to a degree—has been going on for nine days, and only now does it appear that "Government" forces are winning ground against the rebels, who depend on Morocco for reinforcements for their push up country. The Government recognises this important source of rebel man power and is concentrating on naval and air attacks in the zone of the Straits. It claims successes both North and South, relieving both military and economic pressure on the capital. Spain is boiling, seething. No pouring in of luke-warm water can save the hash. The country must burst and be rebuilt. We know not when it will burst, nor how it will be rebuilt. We know nothing of Spain and very little of Europe, or America, or the East. So much for our improvements in communications. They have been employed to deafen and to blind us.

OVER IN A DAY: Symptomatic of the difficult state of foreign politics at the present time was the rapid manner in which the business of the Locarno Meeting in London was despatched. M. Blum and the Belgian delegates met in the morning, had an excellent lunch at Claridge's, and despatched the business in the afternoon. From left to right in the above group are—Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador; M. Van Zeeland, the Belgian Prime Minister, and M. Paul Spaak, Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs

THE MINISTER WITH THE STENTORIAN VOICE: In last week's conflict of the Means Test, the value of lung-power was demonstrated by Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister for Labour, who, by sheer vocal volume, bore down the interruptions of 150 pairs of Socialist lungs. "A voice like a foghorn" was Mr. Will Thorne's ejaculation

WHAT WE DO KNOW.—Without clear knowledge of the causes of this first-rate flare-up in Spain, we do at least realise that its consequences are fraught with future grave trouble for ourselves and civilisation. In money, immediately. The nations have already been put to great expense in the movement of war vessels to Spanish waters, and in the making of other military dispositions. The troubles of a European nation nowadays are as expensive for us as the carrying out of a mandate. And however the cat may jump in Spain, the triumph of the winning party will give a huge fillip to its counterparts in other countries. Fascist or Communist, we want neither in power over here. We talk of the menace of Hitlerism. Are we right in minimising, by comparison with that unknown menace, the already clear reactions which have made themselves evident in other countries following the sweeping triumph of Communism in France? The reactions which will follow the result of the Spanish conflict—whatever it be—cannot be less significant and speedy. The King's decision to cancel his Cannes holiday was made two or three days before the announcement on Monday. It is directly a result of the Spanish troubles. The French authorities have their hands full with refugees from Spain, who doubtless need pretty careful sorting out, and the whole state of that part of Europe is too hectic to justify the maintenance just now of the special precautions which the King's visit must necessitate. The King saw the position as presented, and at once decided that he must give up the idea. He will probably remain at Fort Belvedere until he goes to Balmoral.

CLYDESIDE POLITICS AND SO ON.—Clydeside as a whole has cause to be grateful to the National Government, whose policy (right or wrong) has brought it a measure of prosperity and reduced unemployment greatly. But its representatives in Parliament found a God-sent occasion in the non-stop debate on the unemployment assistance regulations for a carefully-planned "gesture" which displayed all the ill-manners, petulance, and futility for which certain Independent Socialists are distinguished. It is true that the Home Secretary's forensic manner is as highly irritating to Clydeside members as it has proved to European delegates. But the disorderly uproar was as unpardonable as it was futile from its patent pre-concertion. The Conservatives have held Balham—and no thanks to the Conservative voters, who ought to be disfranchised as to 40 per cent. Only about half their number troubled to record their vote. Every single Socialist, fit or bedridden, plumped for his candidate. Mr. Belisha ("Old Mortality") is to try again. God knows he has tried and utterly failed to stem the tide of road mortality. The figures are as bad as ever, as the cars multiply on the roads, and all is to do again. We are back to Methuselah.

THE CORONATION COMMIS
Coronation next year, the
The Duke of Norfolk
Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce,

THE GROUP MOVEMENT.—This is no flash-in-the-pan movement. Whether you enrol or whether you don't, you cannot fail to be interested in the progress and the material results of the Group movement. Whether you like it or not, and understand something of its aims and practices or not, you want it to succeed and are greedy to hear of its re-actions for good. For in our world it must do much more good than harm. This is the end of "Group fortnight." At Oxford there was a rally as usual and the annual Oxford rally usually increases the fold by 10,000 more followers. At Hinksey nearby there was a women's camp, speaking in 10 tongues. At Exeter, Harrogate, and Cambridge, other rallies were held. And now all the faithful are massed at Birmingham for the biggest rally in the history of the Group. Here is assembled the only serious League of Nations conference in

our time. For here twenty-five nations are in conclave, having a unanimous will to goodwill and to peace, to brotherhood and to virtue, and that united will is inspired by the precepts and ideals of Christianity and not first and last by national and racial selfishness and suspicion and jealousy and fear. So these Group rallies, one can safely say, can do not a tithe of the harm done by political international conferences and may—nay, must—do great good.

THE PERFECT DIET.—

Before the B.M.A. in conclave at Oxford, Sir R. McCarrison promised long life and freedom from the attentions of surgeons and doctors to all who would adhere to the perfect diet. Hope raised her head for thousands of sufferers who help the medical profession to live, and a majority of them must have turned with a thrill of excitement to the study of his list of essentials. Bread (wholemeal), milk and its products (butter, cheese, etc.), eggs, vegetables (green leaf and root and beans and peas), meat, fruit, water. And there you are! And where are you? Just as you were. Haven't most sufferers been ringing the changes on this dietary all their lives? If meat don't include fish, we will gladly banish fish from our tables. Otherwise what usual food (usual since the days of Adam) does Sir Robert ask us to banish? His Pandora's box of health-gifts seems to me to lack one essential—the key to opening it. There is his dietary, large and varied enough for the most fussy housewife and the most greedy man. How should the items be applied to the inner man? In what proportions? How linked together? At what hours and intervals to be taken aboard? For fifty years (says the middle-aged sufferer) I have fed on these foods and perfect health has eluded me. You tell me nothing, and nothing new. Dr. Hay, who has revolutionised the kitchens of America and caused the restaurant chefs and private chefs of London to tear their hair, would tell us that to eat this list of foods at a sitting were suicide. Meat, yes, but nothing but meat at one meal. Fruit and vegetables—excellent, provided they mix with nothing else. Bread—admirable if eaten only with starches. What relief does Sir Robert offer me? If he has any to offer, he withholds it (as reported in the Press), for he tells me nothing new. Go, wash in Jordan seven times.

THE PLUVIOSITY OF JUPITER.

—Jupiter is an unpopular figure in England this summer. He is far too pluvius. Cricket clubs owe him a bitter grudge, for he has played the devil with the gate-money; the Lidos loathe him, for they sprang into existence on the strength of three fine summers and are wondering if they were wise in their generation. And all other institutions which depend on fine and warm weather execrate his name. He forgot last week what he owes to the British Sovereign. He has sometimes threatened playfully functions in Buckingham Palace gardens but very seldom dared the impiety he performed last Tuesday. He bitterly disappointed 200 debutantes and set at nought a deal of careful planning, infinite trouble, and considerable expenditure. The lucky first-comers got their curtsies done in front of the Shamiana Durbar Tent, and displayed to a threatening sky and in a chilly, nipping air their coloured fineries. A few of them, more prudent, made their curtsies as gracefully as mackintosh coats would permit. But 200 of them were caught by Jupiter Pluvius in impish mood. He scattered them to the tea-tent and other shelters, whither the Court officials, most of them new to their work, followed them to let them know that the will and the labour were accepted in place of the deed, and that all who still held their cards in their hands had been duly presented to their sovereign, just as officially as their elder sisters who had faced the watching crowds in the Mall in the late reign and in evening dress. But these 200 debutantes can never feel quite so confident as their elder sisters. They have missed a great experience, and will never be Jupiter-fans.

THE CRICKET SEASON.—

People have called it a dull season and it is true there have been no matches to send the Press into a fever. The Indians are keen and have no doubt taught this country several useful lessons but they were obviously only of average county standard, though now at this late hour beginning to find their form and feet. But the connoisseur has had his share of caviare and the arduous job of test-team selection has been sweetened at Lord's. Two stars of brilliance and magnitude have swum into our ken—Gimblett and that fine service bowler Stephenson who skittled out the pick of professional batting in the "Gents v. Players," taking 9 wickets at 5 runs apiece, in a very delightful match. At all costs, Gimblett and Stephenson must go to Australia, if their private circumstances permit. Gimblett has proved himself, Stephenson has given a first proof, to be the crying need we have so long sighed for. Youth, pluck, intense energy and keenness, skill; in short, genius in the great game on great occasions. They are the stuff which may revitalise our test team and reserves. Gimblett's luck or eye is temporarily "out." But he is the stuff that runs are made on. Meanwhile the season is by no means over. August is the month when the County Championship begins to be amusing—the time when so often Yorkshire has crept up along the rails. Derbyshire, like this cricket season, is not spectacular but interesting, and her unadvertised players are proving champion matchwinners.

AND THE TEST TEAM.—

And now the backbone of the touring team to Australia is chosen and more will be chosen after the second Test. Allen is to captain after all, despite the handicap of his playing qualification — that of fast bowler. All summer he has been training for captaincy and his selection is probably sound. Verity, Leyland, and Hammond were certainties. Verity is about our only bowler of genius available. Robins is our No. 1 "all-rounder" and a useful deputy for Allen in the captaincy. Fishlock and Hardstaff have won their way in by sheer achievement during the season—hard work and merit, rather than genius, are their qualifications. Thus we have the basis. Four first-rate bats. One bowler of genius, one tried fast bowler, one "funny-stuff" bowler. With Gimblett and Stephenson and a wicket-keeper (who must be supreme as a keeper, important as it is that he should be also an Ames in batting) the nucleus of a side is built up. Then must the selectors think of attack and find some more bowlers. Gover is steadily qualifying as a choice. Well, it is all great fun—team-selecting. And comforting also to think that this winter we shall have a light diversion on the wireless to recreate our minds from the all-too-full and serious reports of Geneva failures and European crises.

McMAHON'S DEFENDER: Mr. Alfred Kerstein, the energetic solicitor acting for Andrew McMahon, with the accused man's wife. Mr. Kerstein, in commenting on the evidence of spectators at Constitution Hill declared that no two witnesses had given the same story. He also obtained an injunction restraining the showing of a newsreel referring unfavourably to the accused

A VILLAGE MEMORIAL.—

For a quarter of a century Jane, a daughter of the Rector of Steventon, a village just off the Alton-Winchester road in Hampshire, sat every Sunday in the Rector's pew and listened to her father's sermons. No doubt her thoughts sometimes strayed from the thread of his argument, which was simple and direct as befitted his rustic audiences, and wove plots and fantasies of a more worldly kind; or, following her eyes which turned on the new fashions from Bath worn by casual visitors to the church, played tunes more lively than Gregorian chants. It is safe to say that none who ever sat with her in that village church had any idea that 150 years on, her name would be better known in England than Pitt's, and only a little less world-famous than Napoleon's. And that, compared with hers, the names of most of the premiers, statesmen, and generals of the day, such as Addington, Grenville, Hill, and so on, were fated to be mere obscure cyphers in the memory of posterity. But Hampshire is slow to acquire impressions and accepts new and strange facts with difficulty. It has taken Hampshire 120 years to deem that Rector's daughter worthy of a tablet in that village church. It was left to the piety of her great-great-niece at long last to press that act of justice to materialisation and to secure a bigwig to speak a tardy tribute to the local memory of Steventon's one world-famous worshipper.

THE OLD STAGER

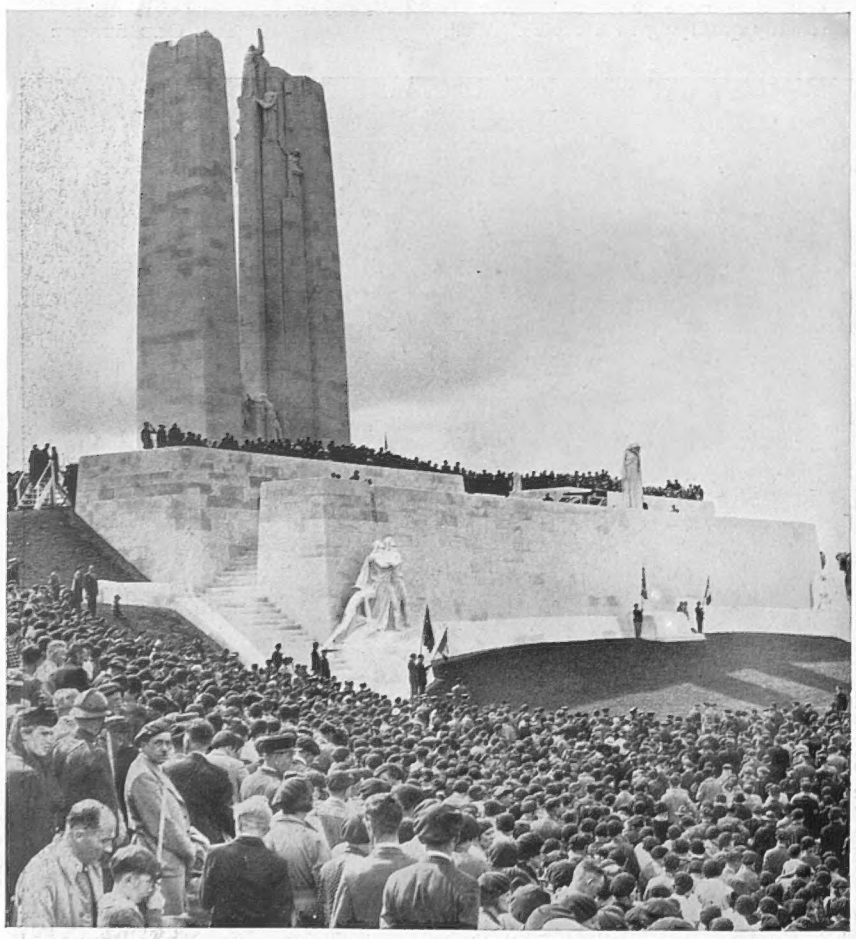
SION MEETS: In order to discuss the many details for the King's Coronation Committee held a meeting last Saturday at St. James's Palace. (right) the Deputy Chairman of the Commission is seen leaving with the High Commissioner for Australia, and the Duke of Sutherland

SMILES IN CORAM'S FIELDS: H.R.H. the Duchess of York paused to chat with some of the children when she opened the reconstituted playground on the old Foundling Hospital site in Bloomsbury. It will be the finest playground in London and is named after Thomas Coram the philanthropist whose efforts on behalf of the London foundlings led to the opening of a Foundling Hospital, at first with disastrous results, in Hatton Garden in 1741. Later it was moved to Bloomsbury

HOMAGE TO CANADA'S FALLEN AT VIMY

Impressive Scenes at the Unveiling of Canada's National Memorial by King Edward

THE VAST ASSEMBLAGE: An aerial view of the great memorial with its huge crowd of 150,000 people who flocked to Vimy on Sunday last to witness this After the King's impressive speech came a telling radio message from Mr. W. L.



THE SYMBOLISM OF THE GREAT MEMORIAL: This view, taken just after the unveiling shows effectively the symbolical scheme of the sculptor. The two great pylons represent Eternal Strength; one, with the fleur-de-lis and the laurel, showing forth the Soul of the Old World, the other, with its crown and maple leaf, the Soul of the West. At their base, a figure denotes unity in the struggle of the great war, and other groups Endurance, Sacrifice, and Aspiration

BRAVE MOTHERS: The King shaking hands with Mrs, C. S. Woods who lost five of her twelve sons in the war, Mrs. J. A. Wardle of Toronto who lost three sons, and Mrs. G. McDonald, also of Toronto, who lost two sons. Mrs. Woods is seen wearing her sons' medals and the circular Vimy Pilgrimage badge carried by all members of the contingent

REPRESENTING THE chatting to the Ex-Service Men in this memorable Canadian women sons or other

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GLIMPSES OF A FASCIST ORGANISATION IN SPAIN

The Falange Española Under the Leadership of Primo de Rivera's Son

WOUNDED FIGHTING FOR HIS IDEALS: The Ambulance Corps of the Falange Española, the Fascist organisation under the leadership of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the son of the famous Dictator, dressing the wounds of a follower injured during a political demonstration in Madrid

THE LEADER: José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the founder of the movement, whose energy for the cause is upheld as a pattern for his daily-increasing followers. He is by profession a lawyer of repute, and as such has defended many of his adherents in the courts

"TO DIE FOR SPAIN IS GLORY SUBLIME": Imprisoned Fascists (minus their blue shirts) defiantly paint the walls of the prison with the emblem and slogans of their cause. In view of the present trouble their desire for a united Spain seems even more remote. The yoke was an emblem of Empire used by Charles V and the bundle of arrows was part of the arms of Isabella the Catholic

ACTIVITIES AT HEADQUARTERS: A corner of the offices of Spanish Blue Shirts in Madrid. Among the many points that elucidate the national programme of the organisation are the desire for national education of the children and of suppressing any interference on the part of the Church in matters of State

A CORNER OF THE MONASTERY: Over the intervening wall can be seen one of a cluster of mountain summits which surround this spot sacred to Buddha's memory

AT THE GATEWAY TO THE TEMPLE OF THE BUDDHA OF HEALING: To right and left of this draped gateway are stands at which pilgrims can purchase straw sandals, a customary form of offering at the various shrines

THE IMPEDIMENTA OF THE FAITHFUL: Worshippers' outer coats and baskets placed on benches within the monastery

BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY

A Remarkable Series of Pictures Obtained on the Remote Loo Choo Islands

IT is not often that one is able to record photographically details of Buddhistic ritual; a correspondent of THE SPHERE has, however, succeeded in obtaining in the remote islands of Ryu-Kyu, which lie to the south of the main islands of Japan, several impressions of the proceedings on a particular festival day—that of Buddha's birth. The monastery at which these pictures were taken stands high among the mountains and is constructed entirely of wood. Up the steep paths and steps come hundreds of peasants to the lonely monastery, where according to local belief, Buddha at one time resided. At the numerous prayer-inscribed stones the pilgrims pause to worship. Arrived at the summit the pilgrims are received by the monks, and various offerings are made by the faithful. Incense sticks are lighted and the desires of the particular worshipper are written on slips of paper which are attached to the offerings.

These pilgrims are an interesting folk—approximately Japanese and of a high, unspoilt type, holding their Buddhistic faith in easy fashion, the festival here illustrated being one of the few occasions during the year when their beliefs take outward expression. As in many other lands, these villages call upon their priests for funeral services; at other times—well, one cannot be expected to climb the mountain steps too often. The women folk, as in India, Persia, and on the Mediterranean seaboard make special offerings with regard to progeny and easy deliverance at an expected birth.

(Continued on page 204.)

PRAYING FOR A HAPPY BIRTH: Many of the women pilgrims make offerings at this particular shrine in order to secure an easy deliverance

AN ALFRESCO MEAL: Two men from a distant village shelter under the eaves of a temple while they eat their midday lunch

INCENSE IN THE TEMPLE COURTYARD: Here at this inscribed trough of stone, filled with burning logs, women pilgrims light little sticks of incense shaped like cigars before placing them at the various shrines

A FAMILIAR VISITOR: "All the pilgrims," says our correspondent, "seemed to know this venerable white-bearded figure who was well protected by a voluminous cloak"

READING THE PRAYERS FOR THE DAY: The pilgrim makes a small money offering at this beautifully devised little shrine, and the attendant priest forthwith reads the appropriate prayers

PREPARING FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Initial Activities in Readiness for the World's Greatest Athletic Concourse

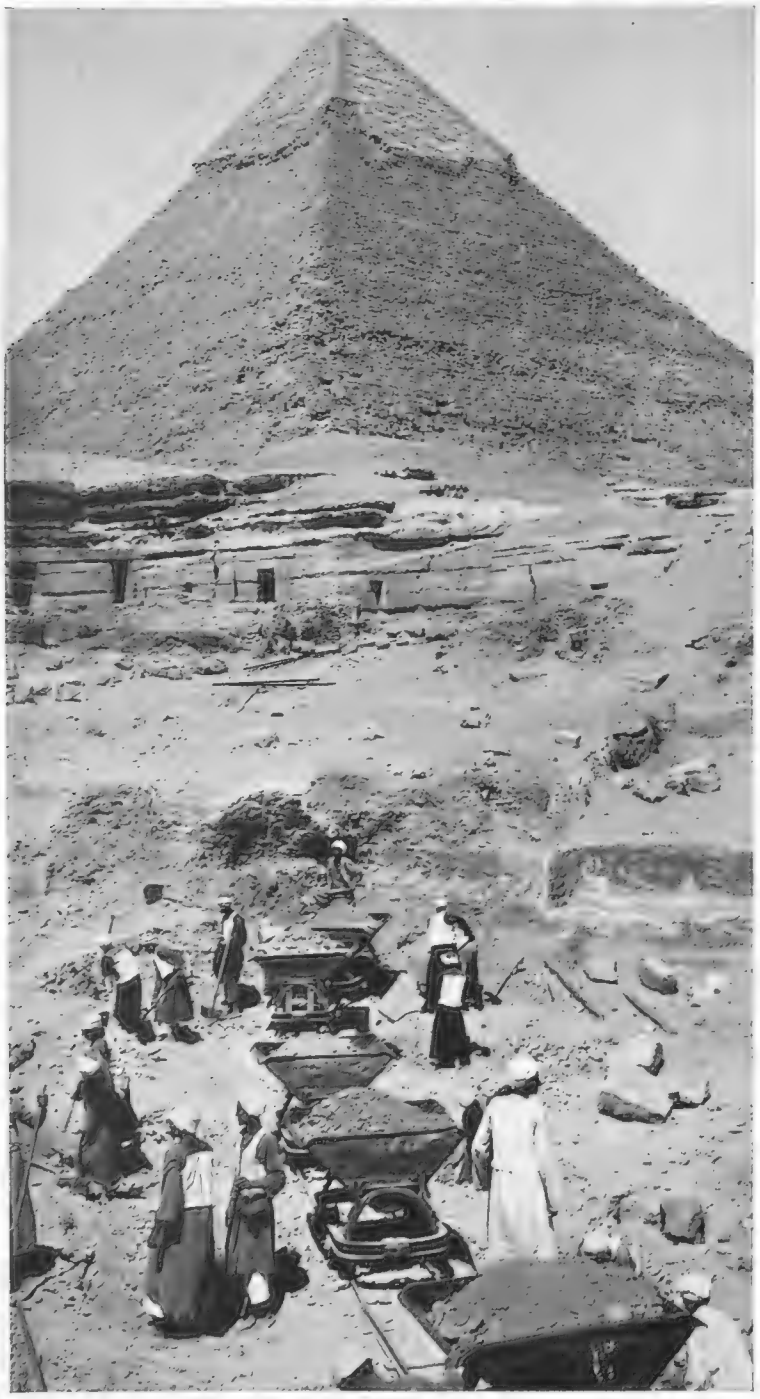
NATURE'S MEDICINE BALL: Kuntsi, the Finnish shot-putter, chooses enormous rocks with which to train. In Olympiad Village, the splendid sports centre at Doeberitz where the 1936 Olympic Games will be held, there was intense activity to complete the accommodation for the athletes of the world who were converging there

"THERE BE SOME SPORTS ARE PAINFUL, AND THEIR LABOUR DELIGHT IN THEM SETS OFF": This Shakespearian quotation aptly describes the arduous training which the Olympic athletes have to undergo. The above device is used by the competing Rugby teams for scrum practice

LIGHTING THE TORCH: The first ceremony of the Olympic Games, which begin at Doeberitz near Berlin to-day, was the lighting of the Olympic torch from the fire kindled by the sun's rays on the ancient stone altar at Corinth and afterwards was borne by a runner on the first stage of its journey across seven countries to the Olympic Stadium

THE FLAME ARRIVES AT ATHENS: Great scenes of enthusiasm marked the arrival of the torch in the Greek capital, the first stage of its 1,800 miles' journey from Corinth to Berlin. After the lamp on the Unknown Warrior's Monument was lit from it, the torch was taken along the Sacred Way to Eleusis on its way to Thebes and Delphi, and so north to the Bulgarian frontier and delivered to Bulgarian runners, who sped it on its way

ONE OF THE SERIES OF HOLES bored at regular intervals on the stone floor close to Khephren's Pyramid which revealed the fact that huge blocks were obtained in this way for the building of the inner mass of the adjacent pyramid



WHERE THE DISCOVERY OF THE HALF-QUARRIED STONES WAS MADE: It was when workmen had removed tons of sand and debris and had got down to the floor (about 2500 B.C.) that numbers of holes in series revealed the fact that the site had been a quarry. Part of the original Royal limestone covering is visible at the top of Khephren's Pyramid

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN EGYPT

Stones for the Giant Pyramid of Khephren Quarried Locally

UNDER the very shadow of the pyramids of Giza extensive excavations have been carried out for many years past. Here is situated one of the great necropolises of the Old Kingdom. Professor Selim Bey Hassan working for the Cairo University has made some highly interesting discoveries.

Much valuable information concerning the Egyptians of the fourth and fifth dynasties has come to light; for instance, in one tomb discovered last season, an unopened sarcophagus contained the mummified body of a woman; hitherto mummification of the dead was never considered to have existed so early as the fourth dynasty. The construction of the three great pyramids at Giza has always been considered as somewhat of a mystery, but year by year the secrets of these long dead Egyptians are becoming secrets no longer. King Khephren, one of the great rulers of the fourth dynasty, constructed his tomb which is now known as the second pyramid at Giza near to that of King Cheops who built the greatest of all pyramids, about 2640 B.C. The reign of King Khephren was a rich and glorious one and possibly lasted for half a century. Time has removed none of the aura of glamour from his great name.

Besides the three great pyramids at Giza, built by the Kings, Cheops, Khephren, and Mykerinas, there are many smaller pyramids connected with the burial of their wives. The ancient Egyptians constructed their tombs during their lifetime; this accounts for the fact that so many were left unfinished. It has become very apparent during these excavations, that their tombs were constructed according to the amount of money they had at their disposal for the purpose. Sometimes they spent their money on the construction of the tomb itself, sometimes on the tomb chamber, sometimes on the sarcophagus, and sometimes everything was very plain and rough, in which case it seems their valuables were buried with them. This is marked in the case of Hepti, whose tomb was unearthed early last season; he apparently spent nothing on his tomb chamber, but on his sarcophagus, which is beautifully decorated in marked designs and hieroglyphics, cut out of Turah limestone.

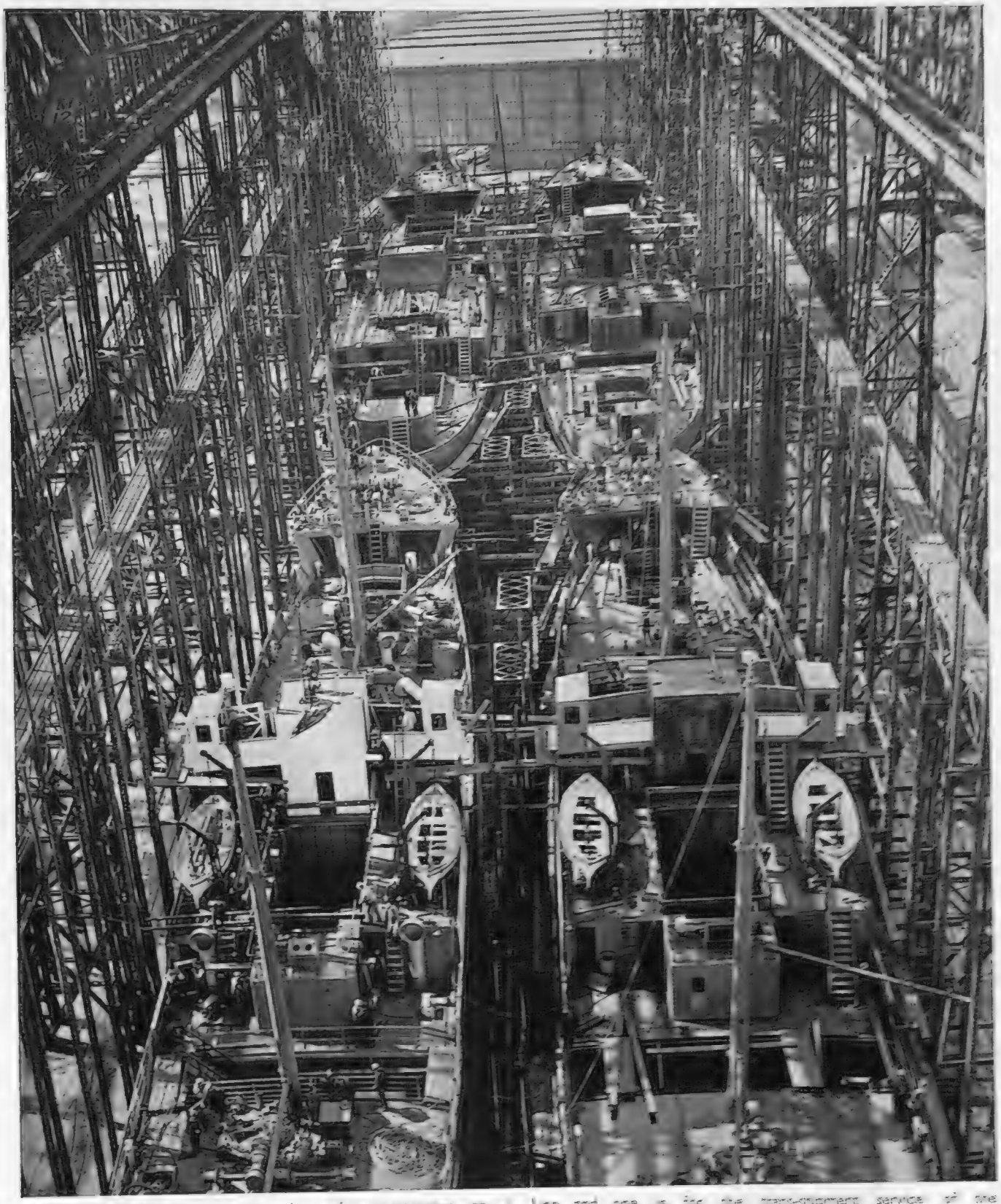
The hieroglyphics along the top read, "One of the ten Great Councillors of Upper Egypt, the one concerned with the Royal Archives, the overseer of the Scribes, the Seal Bearer, the Chief Overseer of those concerned with the petitions. —HEPTI." Below is beautifully represented the façade of a palace. At the base of the Khephren Pyramid, enormous quantities of sand and debris have been removed by hordes of workmen. When the ground level of 4,500 years ago had been reached round holes bored in the rock were found; at first the full significance of these was not understood until more and more were discovered. It was then seen that they marked off places whence enormous blocks of stone had been removed, which undoubtedly went to the construction of King Khephren's Pyramid. This was a very interesting discovery, as it had long been thought that all the stone for the construction of the pyramids was brought from the other side of the River Nile; it was even suggested that a special road had been constructed for the purpose.

But the stone for this pyramid and possibly for some of the others, was undoubtedly quarried locally. Originally all the great pyramids of Giza were encased in limestone and must have glistened wondrously in the sun or moonlight and been even more than they are to-day an awe-inspiring sight. The limestone used to encase the pyramids came from a quarry used by the ancient Egyptians at Turah, situated near Maadi, now a suburb of Cairo. It was a beautifully white limestone superior in quality to that obtained at Giza, but in the quarries below the Khephren Pyramid have been discovered unfinished sarcophagi, showing that the local variety was also used.

Turah limestone coming from the other side of the River Nile and being naturally expensive to obtain in the days of the fourth dynasty was always referred to as Royal stone; it is an interesting fact that these quarries are worked by the Egyptians to-day, who still refer to all stone quarried there as "Hagar Sultani" or Royal Stones!

SHIPS IN THE NEWS THIS WEEK

British Ship-building Activities



MASS SHIP-BUILDING: Four vessels under construction on one slip at the North Yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Belfast. Three are cargo cattle ships for the Burns and Laird Line and one is for the trans-shipment service of the Union-Castle Line. Although not unprecedented it is certainly unusual for more than one ship to be built on one slipway.

GERMANY'S FUTURE SAILORS: The German training ship *Gorch Fock* seen as she arrived at Dartmouth on a visit. The ship which is a metal built three-master, accommodates 180 cadets, her fulll complement being 265

FOR SERVICE IN INDIA: The twin-screw motor-driven passenger vessel *Dumraa*, built for the Bombay Steam Navigation Co. by Harland and Wolff at their Govan Shipyard. This is the fifth ship launched at the yard for these owners

THE FAMOUS ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

Once More a Centre of Naval Activity

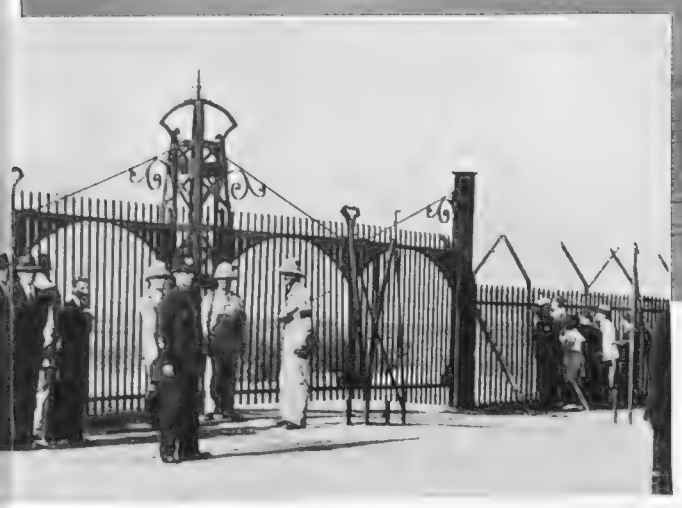
AIRMAN'S VIEW: A seaplane patrolling the Straits while a force of British destroyers returns to harbour at Gibraltar. The view is taken from the seaward side of the Rock showing, centrally, the rain-catching slopes. Air operations by Spanish insurgent planes led to "an incident," which was happily closed with an apology

THE IRON GATES OF GIBRALTAR'S LAND FRONTIER CL families stationed at Gibraltar was, early last week, closed t and Gibraltar police stood on guard; night fighting at La Li

GIBRALTAR HARBOUR: During the past few days the harbour has been the scene of intensive activity. British cruisers and destroyers had during last week concentrated at the Straits and had been engaged in rescue work from Malaga and other points. On Thursday of last week the Rock was hit by shellfire

ON THE SPANISH SIDE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND: is a group of Spanish police and Customs officers searching last week continuous fighting went on between well-armed

A BRITISH DESTROYER OUTSIDE GIBRALTAR HARBOUR: This scene is very typical of recent happenings off the Rock. A number of destroyers have been centreing on Gibraltar and the cruisers *Shamrock* and *Exeter* have been busy along the Spanish coast



LOSED: This point, so familiar to tourists and to officers and their
to general traffic. Units of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry
Linea was witnessed from this point by crowds of interested spectators

): At La Linea de la Concepcion one enters Spanish territory. Here
ing for possible arms and contraband. For several days and nights
ned Moroccan native troops and Spanish troops and armed civilians

A SCENE OF FIGHTING ON THE SPANISH GIBRALTAR FRONTIER: This overhead view taken from one of the galleries in the north front of the Rock shows the road crossing the neutral ground to the Spanish ground of La Linea where fighting has taken place between the opposing forces in Spain

NAVY and PUBLIC

In this first column, Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Edwards, R.N. (Ret.) draws attention to the Personnel question in relation to Navy Week which is being held at Chatham, Portsmouth, *and* Plymouth. *In the second column he deals with the curious situation the nation is in regarding naval rearmament, a situation which by the end of the year, it is hoped, will be materially clarified*

ON Saturday, August 1, another Navy Week opens. For eight days the Navy will be "at home" to the public at the three Home Ports of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport.

Navy Week has come to be an annual event, as much a part of the holiday season as the August Bank Holiday itself. But this year it must be regarded as of greater importance than in former years.

It is always important that a maritime nation should know and meet the men and ships of the Service which ensures the prompt and regular delivery of its daily bread, and which has to "foot the bill" for its maintenance.

This year the "bill" is far bigger—bigger by more than £20,000,000. And it is likely to get still bigger, although some of the cost will probably be met by loan in the next few years. The bigger the bill the greater interest should the public take in how and where the money is going.

And there is another point of very great importance. For many years the sea services have suffered something of eclipse in the public eye. One was thankful for their services in past emergencies, but there was no thought that a new emergency would come upon us. And so these services were allowed to wilt in neglect. One must not blame this generation particularly. The English live largely by tradition, and the neglect of the sea services immediately after a war has become something of a tradition.

Be that as it may, the time has come for stock-taking, and we are somewhat shocked at the lowness of the stock. At vast cost the deficiencies have to be made good in haste. And the repair of these deficiencies entails, in the last resort, man-power. Man-power is required for the industry which turns out the material. This, with certain reservations as to skilled labour, should be easily forthcoming, But men are required to man the ships. And this is at a time when both the Army and the Air Force are also clamouring for men to fill gaps left in the lean years.

This is a serious matter. It is not as if the unemployed young man can be taken straight from the street corner and put into uniform. The grim fact is that only 15 per cent. of all those who apply as recruits for the Navy are finally enrolled. Of the remainder a large number are rejected at the first cursory examination of the recruiting officers. Still more fall before the strict medical examination.

If one considers that only 15 per cent. of applicants can be enrolled, that the Navy is at present expanding by 6,000 men in the year, and that, on top of this expansion, there is a natural wastage of between 3,000 and 4,000 men every year, one begins to realise how necessary it is that enormous numbers of young men should be anxious to join the Navy. Nor is this the whole story. At present, there is no shortage of applicants for the Royal Navy except in the artisan ratings. But the President of the Board of Trade recently stated that he feared a shortage of ordinary seamen for the Merchant Navy. And the fishing fleets have been paying the penalty of prolonged depression of their industry.

If one would procure sufficient applicants for the sea services, the first step is obviously the education of the general public in matters pertaining to the sea and the services connected with it.

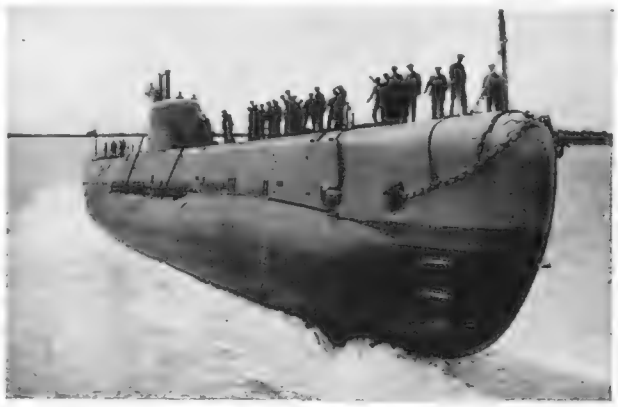
This is what Navy Week does, and it is why Navy Week must be considered of far greater *national* importance this year than in previous years.

The Navy is doing all in its power to make Navy Week a success from this, as well as from other points of view. There will be many diverse displays and exhibits, but this year, more than ever before, an attempt is being made to show the landsman how the sailor lives, works, and sleeps on board. Moreover, there are, for the first time, to be Naval recruiting bureaux in the dockyards during the Week, where full details can be obtained and where recruits can apply. Also, the official souvenir programmes contain full particulars of life in the Navy. "Bartimeus" has written an admirable article entitled *The Navy as a Career*, and appended thereto are full details of the Navy's reserves, which can be joined by most men without interfering unduly with their professions.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the public will learn well of the Navy, so that there shall be no shortage of recruits in the years of expansion before us.

NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH: The interest of the public in Nelson's historic flagship, *Victory*, never wanes and there is no doubt that from Monday morning to Saturday evening its decks will once again be thronged with visitors

A NAVAL PICTURE EXHIBITION: A special feature of Portsmouth Navy Week will be an exhibition of 100 paintings by artists who themselves took part in the great war. This picture, by Mr. Cecil King, R.I., shows war prisoners embarking at Stettin. The original painting has been loaned by the Imperial War Museum to the Portsmouth exhibition



A NEW PORPOISE TYPE SUBMARINE LAUNCHED: The *Rocqual*, 170th submarine to be launched from Vickers-Armstrong's Barrow-in-Furness works, successfully took the water last week. She is of 2,140 tons submerged and carries a 4-in. gun, torpedo tubes, and mine-laying equipment

A SOUTHAMPTON CLASS CRUISER LAUNCHED: At Vickers-Armstrong's Newcastle naval yard the Duchess of Kent launched H.M.S. *Sheffield* last week. A cruiser of 9,000 tons displacement with armament according to treaty

One of the most paradoxical features of these confused times is that naval re-armament is proceeding in the midst of a transition stage between two treaties for the limitation of navies.

Until the last day of this year the London Naval Treaty of 1930, which was ratified by the British Empire, the United States, and Japan, governs the type and numbers of warships which may be built. On the first day of next year, if it is ratified by all parties by that date, the new treaty signed in London last March by the British Empire, the United States and France, will come into force. This new treaty is not, except in certain "saving clauses" concerned with the numbers of ships, but it goes further in the limitations of type than did the 1930 Treaty.

The naval re-armament which is being hurried forward in this country is designed to abide by the terms of both these treaties.

The naval building programme approved for the present financial year contains two battleships. The 1930 Treaty instituted a "holiday" in the construction of capital ships. This "holiday" does not expire until December 31 next. The 1936 Treaty lifts the ban on the laying down of capital ship keels. Therefore, while the keels of these two new battleships cannot be laid this year, they can, and will be laid early in the next calendar year. The ships are therefore authorised under the programme for the current financial year.

The last battleships built in this country were armed with guns of 16 in. calibre. The new naval treaty provides for the reduction of the maximum gun calibre to 14 in. But this provision in conditional upon Japan accepting this limit prior to April 1 next year. Already there has been much diplomatic activity on the subject of the gun calibre to be mounted in battleships to be laid down next year. The British Government sent formal invitation to Japan to sign the whole of the new naval treaty. This Japan declined—as she had to do, having withdrawn from the Naval Conference upon a major issue of policy. Within a fortnight it was announced in the United States that the new American battleships would be armed with 16 in. guns. In view of the fact that Japan had only declined to sign the entire treaty and that there remained nine months before her acceptance of the 14 in. limit was necessary, it may seem that the American announcement was premature.

Be that as it may, it is now certain that the new battleships to be built for the Royal Navy are to mount 14 in. guns. Thus, by not laying the keels until next year, and by mounting only 14 in. guns, Great Britain is abiding by the letter and the spirit of both treaties.

To the lay mind the cruiser situation appears more obscure. We are at the present moment building cruisers rapidly—the supplementary naval estimate issued last week spoke of the acceleration of cruiser building and brought the year's cruiser programme up to seven ships. Yet at the same time, the Government have made it clear that they are forced to scrap five cruisers of the "C" class under the terms of the 1930 Naval Treaty. Moreover, eighteen months ago the then First Lord of the Admiralty stated that the cruiser programme then approved would bring us up to the limits laid down in the treaty. On the face of it there seem to be three entirely contradictory facts. What is the explanation?

The London Naval Treaty of 1930 limited British cruiser strength in two ways. The British Empire was not to possess more than a certain total tonnage of cruisers at the end of this year, and was not to *complete* more than a certain tonnage of replacement cruisers before the end of 1936.

The cruisers now being laid down will not, of course, be completed before the end of the year. They are, therefore, not affected by the second limitation. On the other hand, we are at present over the total tonnage limit laid down in the treaty for 6 in. gun cruisers. In order to get within the tonnage limit at the end of the year in accordance with the treaty, the five old "C" class cruisers must go to the ship-breakers. Moreover, cruisers laid down more than eighteen months ago should be completed before the end of December, they therefore count, under the terms of the treaty, as "completed cruisers," and a year ago we had laid down all the "completed cruiser" tonnage allowed and were, therefore, up to treaty limits.

The new naval treaty which comes into force next year provides for the cessation of the construction of cruisers carrying 8 in. guns for a period of six years. All the cruisers new being built or authorised for the Royal Navy are to be armed with 6 in. guns. Thus, in the case of cruisers, too, Great Britain is, in her naval rearmament, observing the provisions of both treaties.

Great Britain is also building destroyers—at present at the rate of two flotillas a year—in spite of the fact that there is in the Navy, a large amount of old destroyer tonnage which, under the terms of the 1930 Treaty, should be scrapped before the end of the current year.

But when the London Naval Treaty of 1930 was signed the British Government made it clear to all parties that it could only accept the total tonnage limit laid down for destroyers if the submarine construction of other Powers was materially slowed down. So far from this happening, most naval Powers have increased their rate of submarine building. Moreover, Germany has again built

(Continued on p. 204)

ART by the STUDENTS of the ROYAL COLLEGE

IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE STUDIOS: South Kensington is once again showing the results of its year's work at the Imperial Gallery of Art, Imperial Institute Road, and a very creditable exhibition it is in all the branches of effort, drawings, paintings, sculpture, architecture, and stained glass. The studios themselves have been specially decorated, this interior work having been designed by the professors. The department illustrated here is that of sculpture which shows a great deal of promise and not a little accomplishment. A nude by N. Pierce is shown on the top *left* while the remaining pictures give general impressions of the sculpture galleries. An architectural studio is a novel feature of this year's exhibition. It contains a very creditable selection of architectural drawings and maps

THE LATEST AUTOGIRO RISES VERTICALLY INTO THE AIR: A remarkable demonstration of the autogiro's increased capacity for vertical flight was given last week at the old disused Hounslow Aerodrome in front of a number of experts. The machine had been purposely placed a few yards distant from a line of bushes which to an ordinary aeroplane would have meant immediate disaster. The next operation was the starting up of the rotation of the twin rotor blades by the power unit. When 270 r.p.m. had been reached, the pitch of the two blades was altered, giving the machine a lift in excess of its total weight, thereby causing it to spring 30 ft. into the air with such rapidity that newsreel operators at first failed to secure a picture. At a certain altitude the pilot declutched the rotor blades and transferred the power to the propeller, thus establishing forward flight, while the rotor blades slowed down and continued to revolve purely by air action

AN IMPROMPTU FASHION PARADE: Mounted police shepherd guests to the Palace

ECHOES from the ROYAL GARDEN RECEPTIONS

Youth and Fashion at Buckingham Palace

WHEN THE SUN SHONE ON PALACE LAWNS

A scene on the lawn of Buckingham Palace during one of the brief spells of sunshine. At other moments billowy muslins and wide picture hats offered easy targets for the wanton winds

HI, TAXI! : Escorts had a busy time providing shelter and transport

COLOURS IN CONTRAST : Miss Jacqueline Maud and Miss Mary Ruth Bonham-Carter

The procedure which obtained on the first Reception day was followed on the second. The debutantes filed along a prepared pathway which brought them in front of the Royal Shamiana. At a point some thirty paces from His Majesty, the invitation cards were handed to the first of a line of eight members of the Royal Household. These included the Hon. Sir Montague Eliot, Lt.-Col. the Hon. George Herbert, Mr. Lambert Ward, M.P., Sir George Penny, and finally Lord Cromer

SQUARE CUT : A modern conception of the traditional poke bonnet. The two fashions illustrated below also stress the Victorian tendency of modern fashions

The WORLD *of* BOOKS:

The Story of Pitcairn Island : A New and Exciting Novel by John Buchan : George Bushnell's Painstaking and Interesting Biography of Sir Richard Grenville

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

DR. Shapiro went to Pitcairn Island for purposes of scientific investigation, but he also enjoyed the thrill of a lifelong ambition to meet and question the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers upon their romantic history, and observe their mode of life at first hand. So that, although **HERITAGE OF THE BOUNTY** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is by a specialist, noting racial characteristics and the social structure and history of the island community, the author's imagination is at a constant pitch of romantic gusto, investing his data with all the vigour of a first-rate story.

And what a story! One only of the mutineers survived the terrible events which followed their occupation of Pitcairn. John Adams lived on for years, but the islanders neglected his advice to elect a patriarch in his place when he died. Leaderless, and beset by many problems such as the dread of over-population, they drifted into a disastrous experiment, migrating to Tahiti, only to return after losing seventeen lives.

Three more Englishmen joined the colony, bringing more experiments in rule and religious direction; but the most remarkable was a subsequent arrival, Joseph Hill, who came with forged credentials appointing him Governor. By intimidation and force, Hill established a virtual dictatorship, persecuting the other Englishmen, and generally terrorising the islanders. The career of this amazing man (he was sixty when he arrived on Pitcairn) would make a book in itself. His own account of himself from which Dr. Shapiro quotes, makes highly diverting reading.

After Joseph Hill's enforced departure on a British ship the community settled down for another twenty years when a further experiment in migration was made—this time to Norfolk Island, where a large number settled. Certain families, however, returned to Pitcairn within a year or two, and their descendants remain, a reasonably contented, simple people, strongly religious, speaking among themselves a *patois* made up of English and Tahitian, with a population problem less acute, owing to their decreasing fertility.

The author expected a half-Tahitian type in appearance, and was surprised to find men looking more like English dock workers, with "ugly, knobby hands, and feet, roughened and calloused by labour," and dressed in "nondescript garments." The English type is most strongly developed in the males, the females being darker, and their faces flatter. All had bad teeth, but the type in general was "at once homogeneous and curiously repetitious."

Here is a most readable, and even exciting book, with enough material noted in passing for a novelist specialising in adventure, or a biographer of romantic figures to follow up with advantage. Joseph Hill would make a grand study, for one.

At the beginning of the century, according to Mr. John Buchan, whose word is infallible to any adventure seeker, three men stood on a hill in an African *kraal*, and swore life-long loyalty to a fourth man and to his descendants. At the beginning of **THE ISLAND OF SHEEP** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) only two of the faithful friends are left, for Peter Pienaar had "long ago entered Valhalla," and Lombard and Richard Hannay after thirty years had almost forgotten their distant promise.

Things are not allowed to rest so peacefully, however, in any of Mr. Buchan's novels, and in two well-directed leaps we are in the thick of a kidnapping plot as menacing and as credible as any of the author's best inventions. Dick Hannay, the tweed-clad hero of so many adventures, Lombard, whose enterprise belies his appearance of a successful suburbanite, and Sandy Clanroyden, another redoubtable landowner, this time from Scotland are on the winning side. That is to say that from the first chapter one realises that men who feel as they do about duck-shooting and the English spring can never be allowed to lose whatever game they are playing. When they are playing for the safety of their old friend's son, and against as unattractive a gang of crooks (mostly foreigners of course) as one could find, the conclusion is foregone.

All of which does not detract at all from the excitement of Mr. Buchan's story, and that is a triumph in itself. It is also a triumph of technique, since this is an author who could safely be passed as formula-perfect. He knows everything that is necessary to a writer of adventure stories—and more. He is capable of that extra sophistication of style, that inimitable feeling for the life of the countryside, and that quiet building-up of suspense and stress that are such a sure mark of his distinction.

If Mr. John Buchan's skill makes story-telling seem a simple job it proves, by the same token, just how rare a thing is a good story, for is not Lord Tweedsmuir alone in his class?

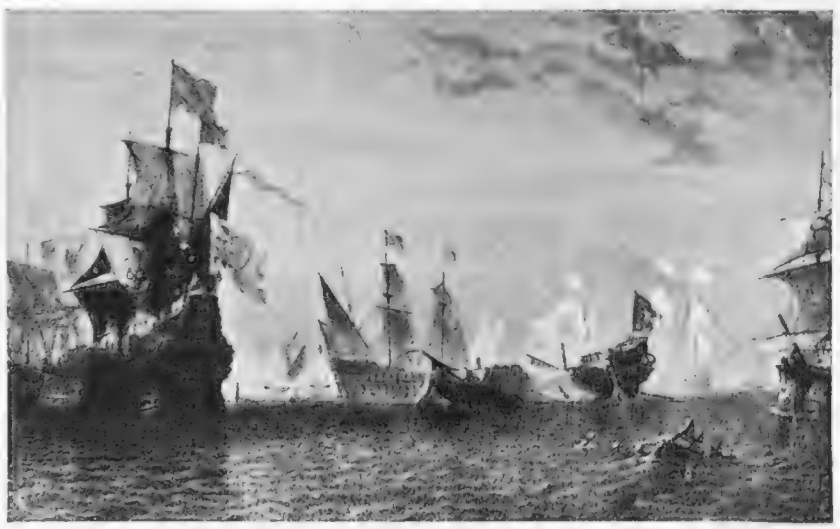
In Mr. F. S. Smythe we recognise one of the heroes of an Everest expedition, but with the publication of his new book we have to acknowledge him as eminent in another field, for he is obviously a master of understatement. He has written an account of a summer holiday spent with a Canadian friend in climbing the highest, and, as one may see from the photographs, the most perilous peaks in the Austrian Tyrol. He has been pleased to call this delightful mountaineer's diary **OVER TYROLESE HILLS** (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), and whether that is simply the effect that the size of Everest has on any of its assailants, or whether it is current Alpine slang, and comparable with the "cats" of big game hunters, I do not know. All I know is that those things he climbed in Austria were mountains, and I have a thousand competent map readers to support me!

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE: A National Portrait Gallery picture by an unknown artist. A very full account of this interesting figure is contained in *Sir Richard Grenville.* (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) by George Herbert Bushnell

Apart from the burning question of Mr. Smythe's modesty however, this is still a book that you should read, for you will find as I did that the more depreciating the author gets about glaciers and crevasses, "It had been an amusing climb," he says of one hair-raising ascent, the more admiring and open-mouthed does any normal (or plain-dwelling) reader become. As for myself, I felt for a young Mr. Munro who had only one remark to make on the day's proceedings, "It's terra firma for me in future," he said. "Less terror and more firmer."

Mr. Smythe and Mr. Campbell Secord who, we are told, behaved as if he had spent his life on vertical rock precipices, dispensed with the services of a guide in their climbs, as well they might, for not only would the average guide's climbing speed be a poor second to their own, but they both disapproved of a guide's habit of descending a mountain again within a few minutes of having reached the summit. Mr. Smythe and Mr. Secord both like to sleep on the tops of their mountains, and they affirm that "no slumber on a well-sprung bed is gentler than that on the sun-warmed rocks of a mountain top."

Not being in a position to challenge that I will let it pass, and only put it down to the exhilaration that such altitudes must bring. Actually I am in such sympathy, horizontal traveller though I am, with Mr. Smythe's philosophy of mountaineering that I would like the space to quote him at length. I will content myself with a passage from his Afterthoughts of a Traveller, in which he writes, "He is not a traveller who has never known what it is to be uncertain as to where he will rest his head at the end of the day. Mountaineering epitomises this uncertainty. Take maps and a compass for safety's sake, but eschew guide-books and know how delicious uncertainty can be. . . . There is independence in such travel." And of the traveller, the adventurer, the climber himself, Mr. Smythe can sincerely say, "His memories are more precious than gold."



AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE AZORES (1591); One of the many illustrations in Mr. Bushnell's biography, the first ever written of the hero of the "Little Revenge"

It is difficult to read Mr. George Herbert Bushnell's new life of Grenville without catching his habit of constant quotation, and the lines:

"At Flores in the Azores
Sir Richard Grenville lay"

are dinning in my head. **SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE** (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) is claimed by the publishers to be the first full story of this famous figure's life, and as such it is naturally of some importance, particularly since Grenville is for most of us a hero who dates from our schooldays and our first reading of *Westward Ho!*

Mr. Bushnell is at some pains to "de-bunk" the popular or Kingsley view of Grenville and remarks, reasonably enough, that sweetness was scarcely one of the attributes of this man who was capable at various times in his life of torture and eating broken glass. He gives a comprehensive view of Grenville's life—from childhood to his death at sea—taking most of his material from the State Papers and contemporary writers, and it is an authoritative and detailed biography.

After Grenville's early exploits in Hungary, where he fought for Maximilian, he became the owner of a privateering ship which, as the *Castle of Comfort*, was soon to be famous and greatly redoubted. When still in his twenties he was appointed Sheriff of Cork by Queen Elizabeth and sent to Ireland to deal with a threatened rebellion. Having had a measure of success there he turned his attention to his ship and the fine sport of privateering, or what might more clearly be described as licensed piracy. In this he was equally successful and soon formed a plan, which he submitted to the Queen, for exploration in "unknown landes." It was he who had the scheme for finding the North-West Passage from the Pacific side, offering to finance the expedition himself. Unhappily his ambitious plan came to nothing, and for a while Grenville retired to his country estate a bitterly disappointed man.

At thirty-four he became High Sheriff of his own county of Cornwall and was later knighted. During these years he was occupied in restoring Tintagel and some of the old castles and ports of the South, notably Dover, but his most important task was before him. In 1584 he set sail for Virginia to establish the colony of which Sir Walter Raleigh had already been proclaimed Lord and Governor.

Four years later he was preparing for the arrival of the Spanish Armada, and with such impetuosity that, although the Armada was not sighted in the Channel until July, Grenville, with all his ships was lying off the Lizard in April "to repair upon occasion where most use might be made of his service." By 1589 he had become the greatest landowner in Ireland, having at that time no less than 42,000 acres, but he was to leave them for ever a few years later when the Queen summoned him to her "for some causes of service which he shall understand."

In 1591 he sailed for the Azores in the *Revenge*, to put up the most gallant fight that English naval history knows, and to die fighting fifteen Spanish galleons.

The facts of Grenville's life speak for themselves, and careful though his biographer is to be impartial and to authenticate every statement he makes, it remains the story of one of England's heroes, and as inspiring as it ever was.

In 1753 a family of gipsies was charged in London with assaulting and kidnapping a servant girl. They were sentenced variously to death and transportation, but were later pardoned on the strength of their alibis, which seemed to prove that they had been at the other side of England when the crime took place.

This was the famous Canning case, and it was the subject of London gossip and speculation for

(Continued on page 204)

HEIGH HO! The WIND and the RAIN

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE LEADEN SKY: Gulls battling against the heavy winds which have lashed the coasts throughout last month. *On left*—Summer seas, July 1936

1,100,000,000 GALLONS: Last month will long be remembered as one of the wettest on record as the swollen rivers and streams testify. The above picture shows Teddington Weir carrying nearly double the standard daily flow. *On right*—A close-up of a breaking wave. The rough seas, which have been such a consistent feature this July, have caused an abnormal number of distress calls to be made to the lifeboats around the coast

"WHENCE ALL BUT HE HAD FLED": A hardy holiday-maker, determined to defy the lowering skies and menacing seas, takes his solitary plunge, while the less venturesome seek the comfort of their hotels

TO REPRESENT BRITAIN: A party of seventy-one motorists with their cars which numbered thirty-three recently boarded the *Queen Mary* bound for New York. They are to make a tour of the Eastern States of America. The cars, all of leading British makes, are seen ready for shipment

THE PETROL WORLD

Modifications of the Speed Limit Signs — The Hundred-thousandth Morris Eight — Captain G. E. T. Eyston's Miraculous Records —and Other Motoring Matters

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

NOT so long ago I drew attention in these notes to some strange applications of the 30 m.p.h. speed limit in and around Weybridge. Having made these caustic comments I would like, in all fairness, to say that one at least of the absurd limits has been modified. The road leading to Byfleet from the top of Pains Hill, Cobham, is now derestricted until a point about fifty yards before the turning to Brooklands Track, and the whole of the road now known as Brooklands Track is restricted. This new arrangement is logical and if we must have 30 m.p.h. limits then the application of these limits to the roads in question is now above criticism. The R.A.C. and the A.A. have had much to do in obtaining this very welcome modification.

I have also noticed during my journey to Cambridge at week-ends that the 30-mile signs on the Great North Road north and south of Stevenage have recently been brought closer to the town. Here, again, the modification is logical, and no fair-minded motorist can reasonably object to the 30-mile limit as now applied to the town of Stevenage. It is indeed pleasing to be able to report that reason is at last prevailing in certain places. At Cambridge, however, there is another story. The road for miles on the south towards Royston has a 30-mile limit, yet the road is wider, I should think, than any other part of the highway as far as Baldock. The few houses bordering it are high-class residences set well back and almost out of sight. There is no possible element of abnormal danger to warrant the imposition of limits over this particular stretch. I realise that the streets of Cambridge itself are exceedingly narrow and, personally, I would not mind if a speed limit of 10 m.p.h. were actually imposed in the shopping area. It does show the impossibility of administering the roads of this country under the present conditions, when it takes eighteen months for some of these ridiculous limits to be amended.

Many people are under the impression that because Rolls-Royce, Ltd. are working full pressure to satisfy Air Ministry requirements, very few Rolls-Royce or Bentley cars are being turned out from the Derby factory. I recently made a short tour of the works, and I can emphatically deny any rumours which produce such an impression. I doubt if ever before have so many chassis been delivered from the Rolls-Royce works each week. The new Phantom III, the two smaller Rolls, and the two Bentley models are all coming through in really good numbers. Incidentally, since my last visit, I noticed a complete new works which is devoted solely to the servicing of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars.

The list of records recently set up by Captain G. E. T. Eyston is a formidable one. The speeds attained over these long periods of time up to forty-eight hours are little short of miraculous. Captain Eyston has long been looked upon as the King of Record Breakers but none of his previous deeds has approached his latest effort. It must not be forgotten that the car he drove was a truly experimental chassis, having front wheel drive. I understand that the Americans have been more than impressed with the performance of the car and the business-like way that Captain Eyston set about his task. Records such as these set up by a Britisher who is known to be popular and in a foreign land do a fearful lot to promote good feeling between the nations concerned. Captain Eyston's car *Speed of the Wind* is fitted with a Rolls-Royce power unit and much of the machining on the chassis and the various components was carried out by Wolseley Motors Limited.

News has just reached me that the hundred-thousandth Morris Eight came off the assembly line at the Morris works a few days ago. This particular car has been presented by Lord Nuffield to the Society of Friends. This particular Morris Eight model was announced in September 1934 so that an average of over 1,000 a week has been made at Cowley. It is claimed that this achievement has never before been approached by any British car manufacturer and so the Morris works may be justly proud of a very fine record. One remembers the famous Morris Cowley which did a lot to establish the British Motor Industry on its feet immediately after the war. But even its great success was not so spectacular as that of this Morris Eight, which, I am told, has continuously counted for over 60 per cent. of all new cars taxed at 8 h.p. in this country. The design of the car at the time of its construction was so far ahead that the chassis being delivered to-day are exactly the same as the original except for one or two minor improvements.

The Daimler Company Limited have recently delivered to His Majesty the King a new Daimler 4½ litre Straight-Eight fitted with Hooper coachwork and this car is the first new Royal car of State supplied to His Majesty since his Accession. King Edward's father and grandfather both used Daimler cars on State occasions, and the present one is readily identified by the absence of number plates. The King has taken a great personal interest in the construction of the car and this is not surprising as he is a driver of considerable experience. Many special fittings have been incorporated including a central arm-rest, which can be converted into a miniature desk containing writing materials, etc. Special lighting enables His Majesty at all times to devote his attention to affairs of State whilst travelling.

I find amongst my friends that there is sad ignorance regarding the law as applied to common land. In fact the other day a friend of mine drove his car some considerable distance off the road where it got stuck through the self-starter jamming. Not being able to free the starter assistance was summoned and the first person to appear was the local policeman who informed my friend that he had no business to be where he was. The A.A. points out that under the Road Traffic Act of 1930, driving on the common land, moorland, or any land not forming part of the road is prohibited, except for a distance of 15 yds. for the purpose of parking. It is just as well that motorists should remember this fact as every day I see cars on the grass some considerable distance away from the highway. Sometimes, in fact generally, the police issue a friendly unofficial warning but it does not follow that in future offenders will be so lightly treated.

THE MODERN SPORTS SALOON: On the Rover Fourteen chassis is mounted this luxurious sports saloon finished in grey. Among the many Rover features is the fitting of the Lucas Special Electrical Equipment to all models

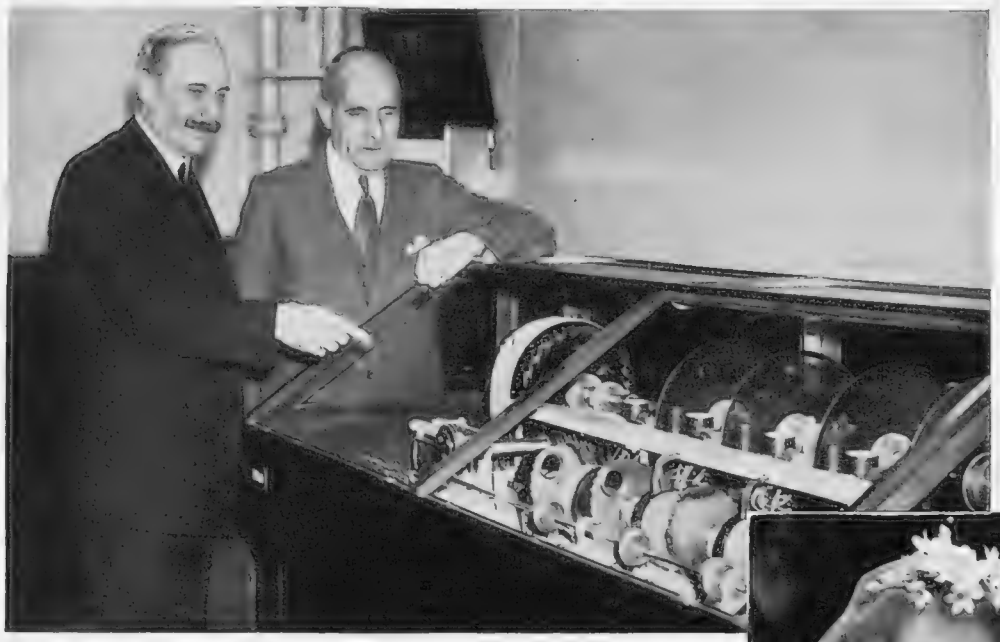
The Junior Car Club ever since it was originated in 1912 has built up an enviable reputation for originality and perfection of organisation. It, therefore, does not surprise me to learn that they are the first Club to organise a motor Rally in America. On board the *Queen Mary* when she left Southampton on Tuesday, July 21, were thirty-three cars, all British and owned by members of the Club. The members will carry out a 1,600 miles tour of America and Canada. The Americans already refer to this Rally as an "Autocade." It would have been exceedingly difficult for the Junior Car Club or any other Club of this nature to carry out the very extensive programme which has been adopted without extra assistance, so that the J.C.C. have been fortunate in obtaining the services of "Autocheques" to help them in the organisation of their ambitious programme. Receptions and banquets in honour of the visitors have been prepared all along the route and two of the high spots of the itinerary will be a reception at the White House, Washington and at Detroit where Henry Ford himself will be their host.

The Ford Motor Company tell me that they have now completed the production of 3,000,000 commercial vehicles, and so they think they can claim to have made and sold more commercial vehicles than any other manufacturer. Personally, I doubt if any other maker comes anywhere near this figure.

A RAILWAY FOR SALE: The derelict line up the Manifold Valley which the Cheadle (Staffordshire) Council say should be purchased by the Staffordshire County Council, with the view to making it into a motor road up the valley to Dovedale, Derbyshire, as an asset to the county

LONDON HAPPENINGS of the WEEK

MOBBED BY SCHOOLCHILDREN: Her Majesty Queen Mary smilingly talking to the children when she paid an unofficial visit to the new playground on the site of the old Foundling Hospital, Bloomsbury, which was opened by the Duchess of York. The Queen's interest in the welfare of children is evidenced by her many activities on their behalf



"TIM" OF THE GOLDEN VOICE: Major Tryon, the Postmaster-General, explaining the working of the new talking clock to Mr. H. Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal. By dialling "Tim" 200 telephone subscribers can be simultaneously connected to this device and receive up-to-the-second information regarding the time

GAIETY AND GRACE: A charming study of the polished dancing of the Demarcos, now at the Grosvenor. Their act has been hailed as one of the most successful cabaret turns in London

A THOUGHT FOR HER TRAIN: Lady Mary Hope pauses to see if her eight-yard long train is clear of the ground on arriving at Dudley House after her marriage to the Duke of Kent's Equerry, Lord Herbert. The Duke of Kent acted as best man

VEILED BEAUTY: The bridal attendants of Miss Grizel Mary Grant, a daughter of Major-General Sir Philip and Lady Grant, whose marriage to Mr. A. V. C. Robarts of the 11th Hussars took place at Brompton Oratory

A SLIGHT HITCH: The bride's veil caught in a bridesmaid's bouquet at the wedding of Mr. Anthony Teacher, Royal Horse Artillery, to Miss Awdry Macnaughten at Holy Trinity, Brompton

AT ST. MARGARET'S: Lord Elveden, son and heir of the Earl of Iveagh, and his bride, Lady Elizabeth Hare, daughter of the Earl of Listowel, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage

THE NEW COMEDY AT THE DUCHESS: One is plunged immediately into the life of a cheap boarding house with a setting devised by Paul Shelving. The young lodgers are up against life and they discuss its emotions and reactions in realistic fashion. Very soon one comes to like them and to forget the dreadful sideboards and accoutrements of Mrs. Porrett's establishment. Little Ruth Cleeve on left (Mary Colley) is having a bad time, and Madge Gurney (Nancy Hornsby) is offering her some practical comfort, while Christopher Lassetter (Barry K. Barnes) drops a running commentary

COMEDIA on the and Great His

SHAKESPEARE'S poetic fantasy of Warwickshire rustics which he called *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (for the peasants who take up so great a part of it have no more to do with classical Athens than have Chicago gangsters) is as suited to open-air treatment as *King Henry VIII*, which preceded it, is not. (I am glad, by the way, that Mr. Sydney Carroll, whose decision to give only four performances of that equally suitable play, *As You Like It*, I regretted last week, has changed his mind and will let us see more of it, complete with "golden-voiced girl.")

Mr. Robert Atkins's particular enthusiasm is "the Dream." The result I found to be almost unalloyed enjoyment. It is curious that, from the strictest point of view, open-air scenes are apt to seem less realistic in the open air than in a theatre. That is mainly owing to the mixture of artificial lighting and real trees with a real sky above them.

The result is a strange light "that never was on land or sea," But in a fantastic play such a light is by no means to be deplored. Not for a moment did I feel that I was in "a wood near Athens." So far as I can remember from only one visit, and that a short one, there are no woods near Athens, though there may have been in classical times. Nor did I feel that I was in Regent's Park, though that, without any reflection on the Park, was a mercy.

Mr. Atkins has also given us an "uncertain" atmosphere, to which contributed the casting of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Oberon. Here I am not quite at one with him, if his is the responsibility. Surely Shakespeare meant even his fairy kings to be played by males whether or no he could look into the future and imagine a time when female parts did not have to be played by youths. It is true that Miss Neilson-Terry is of statuesque size and made "his" pretty little Titania seem a microscopic consort. Yet she is indisputably feminine and she sings in a sweet high-piping soprano which, though she is a good singer, has its incongruous moments.

Puck can be either male or female, though here again I prefer a male, particularly Mr. Leslie French, who is the best I have seen. Mr. French's diction is crisp — without any of the poetry of the lines being lost. His appearance, spotlit, against a velvet blackness, at the end of the play, is a beautiful moment of the play.

This also applies to nearly every member of the cast, including Miss Pamela Stanley as Titania, speaking mighty prettily beside her titanic spouse. Titania has some of the loveliest passages in all this loveliness. So often are they ruined by the sort of whiny-piny sing-song which was adopted by a very famous actress when she played the part at Drury Lane some years ago, ululating her way in and out of the stage trees. "Whines from the wood" was a wicked description of that performance, and an apt one.

The quartet of lovers, whose affairs are made to gang agley in a fashion which would be intolerable were it not for the perfection of the language, were more than adequately played by Miss Margaretta Scott (no more exquisite speaking voice has ever been heard recently in or out of Regent's Park), Miss Rosalyn Boulter, Mr. Dennis Arundel, and Mr. Jack Carlton.

I note that considerable attention has been drawn to the versatility of Mr. Baliol Holloway in playing Bottom and Cardinal Wolsey. Mr. Holloway is a good actor, and I do not doubt his versatility. But this does not seem to be an outstanding example of it. And there is plenty of precedent— Sir Herbert Tree played both these parts and many much more dissimilar. So could any player who knows his job.

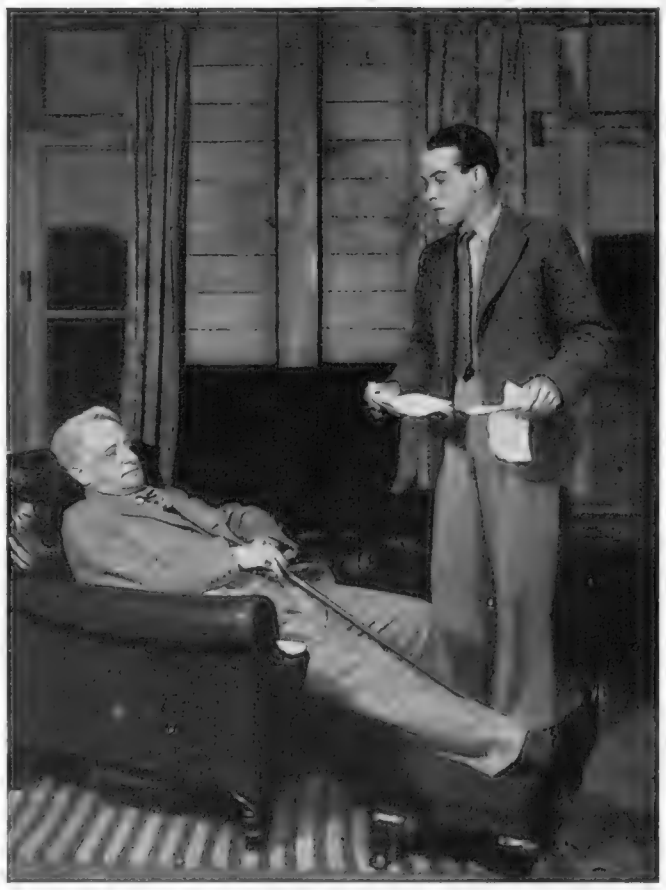
Rather more elaborate terpsichorean antics at Covent Garden make the ballets which accompany Shakespearean productions rather small beer in comparison. But only in comparison. The singing and dancing to Mendelssohn's music (thank God to Mendelssohn's music and not to some wholly-Aryan but wholly unknown quantity, or to Tudor strains dug up artily and craftily) were quite admirable.

THE LAST TO ENTER THE ARK: The authors of *Spring Tide* pair off their young couples happily. The most difficult problem is that of Andrew Boone (Geoffrey Edwards) an unsuccessful artist who finds it difficult to say yes to the prosperous young song-writer Jill Gaywood (Patricia Burke)

Miss Gynt, of course, comes from Norway. She is an entrancing elf and was probably born dancing to Grieg.

The Castanets.— The lamented death of Argentina led me last week to suggest — in fact, to assert — that a vast amount of sheer bolony had been written on that account about the castanets, those picturesque implements of which she was so brilliant an exponent.

I had no idea that the castanets had so rhapsodic and excited a following. For I have had many letters — indignant, more-in-pity-than-in-anger, hurt, sarcastic, or openly abusive — endorsing all that has been claimed for them and claiming still more. Not one of these can convince me that these little pieces of wood are any more than — little pieces of wood which can be clicked most effectively as an



ADVICE TO THE BUDDING PLAYWRIGHT: Mr. O'Hara (Arthur Sinclair) plays the wise and good fairy godfather on the house-boat in *Spring Tide*. He persuades the young playwright not to write about dukes and duchesses whom he has never met

THE PROBLEM OF CARRYING people have flitted away and do? Re-start the boarding Anne Twigg, Louise

STAGE

tory on the Films

By PHILIP PAGE

accompaniment to a Spanish dance. To say that Argentina was to the castanets what Kreisler is to the violin is to belittle not Kreisler but Argentina. Argentina was, in her own line, a superb dancer. That she clicked and clattered the castanets probably as well as anyone ever has cannot alter the fact that this clicking and clattering were nothing more than part of the adornment of her main art.

To say that she could express by such noise in itself pathos, love, majestic anger, vivid drama, and so on, is as absurd as it would be to say that a love-sick typist could express her feelings by rattling on the keys of her typewriter.

"I suppose you would deny" asks one excited correspondent "that the castanets are divine musical instruments just because they are Spanish and not English?"

I deny that the castanets are musical instruments at all. As to the ultra nationalistic charge, I am very fond of Spain. But I don't want to be there just at the moment, castanets or no castanets.

"Symphonie Fantastique."—If M. Massine's fondness for choreographic arrangements of symphonies has done nothing else, it has given the musical critics something to wrangle over. The most eminent of them has been wrangling and explaining for Sunday after Sunday to the extent of a couple of nice fat columns in a fashion most interesting to those who have the subject at heart. Ten years ago, or less, no one imagined that a symphony would ever be danced to, nor, I imagine, did they care very much. To-day this seems to be the main question in the world of music.

Frankly, I do not see why it should be. To me there is nothing sacred about the finest symphony ever written, and if the general effect of that symphony were to be enhanced by M. Massine's or anyone else's dance arrangements, well and good. The vast bulk of the music now heard at Covent Garden was not meant to be danced to; indeed, the number of ballets originally and specifically written as ballets is small. No one, so far as I know, has raised an indignant cry against the ballet use of what we know as *Les Sylphides* or of *Scheherazade*. Yet Chopin wrote the former as a set of piano pieces without the notion that they would ever be scored, played in a theatre, and appropriated by the *corps de ballet*; and Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote the latter as a symphonic poem.

The point, as I see it, is that when there is music as profound and as satisfying in itself as that of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, it needs no addition of any kind, whether interpretative or decorative.

However, the case of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, which was a big event at Covent Garden last week and a genuine triumph for M. Massine, is rather different. The genius of Berlioz was dramatic rather than profound. He was a somewhat flamboyant and flashy type of composer. This symphony of his is no great shakes as a symphony, and I do not, deeply interesting work though it is, put it in the same street as the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, or our own Elgar. It is more of a symphonic poem than a symphony, and is an outstanding example of "programme music."

Since Berlioz himself has given it a plot—about a love-sick youth who takes a drug and dreams that he has murdered the girl he adores and is being tried and executed, why should not these dramatic happenings be visually depicted? The material is mimetic rather than balletic—"balletic" being yet another of those nice new words, like "balletomanes," recently coined by—well, by balletomanes. By which is meant that the material is better suited for dramatic expression than for actual dancing—except in the case of the last movement, a "witches' sabbath," in which devils and priests and all sorts of odd beings, good and evil, plunged good and hard into the hurly-Berlioz.

The first movement was dull, and if the "pastoral" meant anything at all it meant something unutterably silly. But the ballroom scene, youths and maidens of the Charles X period dancing before a background of red arches, and the comic yet *macabre* judges in the next scene, are first-rate ballet stuff on an ambitious plane.

I seem to remember by the way, an excellent ballet, of the same type but on necessarily less ambitious lines, at Sadler's Wells recently, dealing with what looked like an episode in the life of Lord Byron. The choreography was by Mr. Frederick Ashton, I think, and I do know that the music was arranged from half-forgotten Liszt with great skill by Mr. Constant Lambert.

None the less, M. Massine is fully entitled to his triumph, both as the designer of this tremendous affair and for his performance as the love-sick youth, with Mlle Toumanova as his buxom beloved.

"Laburnham Grove" (Film).—The film version of Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Laburnham Grove*, at the Plaza is, to all intents and purposes, a photographically exact reproduction of the play, which is, as most people will remember, the story of a decent suburban middle-aged householder, respectability written all over him, who is, on his own confession, a crook and has been for years. Mr. Basil Dean, who has produced the film, has had the luck and good sense to let the story tell itself without adornment. Had this film been produced in Hollywood it might have been the greatest possible fun (it is that and more, already) but Mr. Priestley's tale might have "gone west" amid suburbanites and policemen engaged by the thousand.

THE GREAT TUDOR QUEEN: Flora Robson is the latest of a line of distinguished actresses to portray the Virgin Queen. This Erich Pommer production is entitled *Fire Over England*

ELIZABETH MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF AGE: Miss Robson has to sacrifice her eyebrows in order to conform to the Tudor queen's features—a new study at Denham

YOUTH AT THE COURT OF ELIZABETH: Miss Vivien Leigh, the young comedy actress, presents the part of Cynthia in *Fire Over England*, a London Films production based on a story by A. E. W. Mason

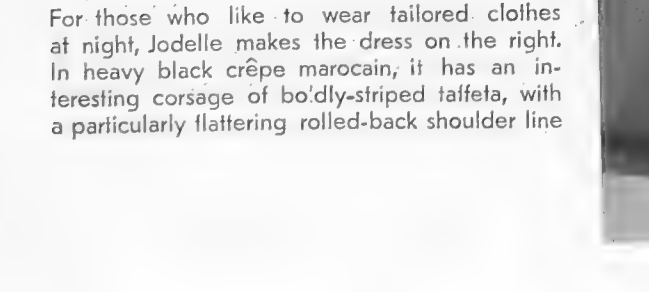
DANGERS OF AN UNKNOWN GUEST: Two very clever performances were put up by Miss Greer Garson and Louis Borell at Daly's in *The Visitor*, but the hero had to present so many changes of emotion, and it is no fault of his that the play has been withdrawn

ON: The last moments in *Spring Tide*. All the young the old folk are left together. What is Mrs. Porrett to house. The ideal boarder arrives. From left to right: Hampton, Arthur Hambling, and Arthur Sinclair

SUMMER NIGHT

Robert Piguet's glamorous frock, with its suggestion of Spain, would be a joy to dance in. In net, each pleated chiffon petal is edged with satin, and the skirt dips at the back

Cashmere is an unusual choice for an evening frock. Robert Piguet takes one that is printed with multi-coloured flowers and uses it for the dress shown above, embroidering the leaves of the flowers to emphasise the design. The hem is weighted with multi-coloured rouleaux



Goupy makes an exquisite negligee in fine black lace over a high-necked white slip, and adds a surprising touch of colour in the orange flower at the waist. The cape ties at the throat and flows dramatically as its wearer walks

For those who like to wear tailored clothes at night, Jodelle makes the dress on the right. In heavy black crêpe marocain, it has an interesting corsage of boldly-striped taffeta, with a particularly flattering rolled-back shoulder line

THE FASCINATION OF FRANCE, AUSTRIA, and Mid-Europe Generally

FRANCE: The Charms of Deauville.

To Deauville's many other amenities is now added the amenity of a daily air connection with London. During the coming weeks this will supply what may legitimately be termed a "long-felt want." For it is one thing to set about going to the Continent for a week-end by train and boat, but quite another to slip off with the comfortable assurance that by leaving Croydon at 10.30 you can be at Deauville, and if you feel inclined, can actually have settled down to play in the casino less than a couple of hours later, the actual time of the journey being an hour-and-a-half. It is to the Olley Air Service that lovers of Deauville—and there are plenty of them—owe this blessing, one of the not least satisfactory features of which is that the fare is no more than £7 10s., even in August, when it will be most in demand. During July it was £5.

GERMANY: August in Baden Baden.

During the latter half of August, when the Olympic Games are over, there will probably be a fairly heavy migration of English visitors from Berlin to Baden Baden, which has always been one of the spas most popular with people from this country. An active programme of sport has been planned, including an International Tennis Tournament in which ten nations have been invited to take part (this will be from August 18 to August 22). There are also golf and horse-racing; both of them on courses which are a source of some pride locally, as well they may be, for German thoroughness has brought them as close to perfection as is humanly possible. Baden Baden, it will be remembered is in the Black Forest and the surrounding country is extraordinarily lovely.

Bad Nauheim's Popularity.—Bad Nauheim is another place that is well thought of, and an increasing number of English people have been going there during the last year or two. It is situated in the heart of the Taunus range of hills, not very far from Frankfurt-on-the-Main, one of the prettiest rural districts to be found anywhere in Germany, and one in which the summer climate is delightfully mild. It is a good centre for motor drives. Bad Homburg and Wiesbaden, for instance, are within easy reach, and Frankfurt itself is also a place that is worth visiting; it has a very picturesque "old town" with some important historical associations.

AUSTRIA: Some Tyrolese Villages.

Among the lesser known Austrian resorts are a number which, although they are apppreciated by a few connoisseurs, are not so widely-known as they deserve to be. Perhaps the connoisseurs will not altogether like the idea of their secrets being revealed, but there it is, good places are bound to come into their own sooner or later. Typical of these are three villages in the Tyrol—Lermoss, Ruette, and Steinach, all of them some 3,000 ft. above sea level, all of them in the midst of really marvellous scenery, and all of them easily accessible. The first two are near to the Heiterwang and Plan lakes, which provide good bathing, while the third is particularly well suited for climbing expeditions and long walks.

GREAT BRITAIN: A Spa in the Shakespeare Country.

Royal Leamington Spa achieved glory during the first part of the nineteenth century, when the fashionable world started going there and with as much enthusiasm as it had gone, fifty years earlier, to Bath. That explains why the town and gardens are laid out with such a sense of space and dignity, making it an extremely pleasant town to stop in. After a period when it lapsed from fashion, the Pump Room establishment was reconstructed and completely modernised in 1926, and now it is once again recognised as ranking amongst the best spas in the country. It also has the advantage of being close to some places of particular interest—notably, Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick—and is a very good centre from which to see this most English corner of the English countryside.

LIKE A FAIRY PALACE: Castle Suhobor, which dominates the little town of Bled, Jugoslavia, which looks down upon the shimmering lake edged with trees

TOSCANINI'S VILLA: It is here on an island on Lake Maggiore that the great musician recuperates from the strain of his arduous career. A visit to the Italian lakes is a worthwhile item in the itinerary of the tourist to Italy

A GATEWAY IN NANCY: The traveller who visits the Vosges country will find himself in a very diversified district of hill and plain and unhackneyed into the bargain. He should not miss Nancy which lies just to the north

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

FRANCE: A Holiday in the Vosges.

It is a little difficult to recommend a place in the Vosges where you will be very comfortable, away from the centres, but we think we can safely suggest Hohwald. This is a lovely place, about 600 metres above sea level, surrounded by splendid pine forests, and it is very quiet, with only 900 inhabitants. We enclose a leaflet with a photograph showing the type of country.

We have been unable to obtain full information about the hotels; the biggest is the Grand, with inclusive terms of from 45 to 60 francs per day. There are also two pensions, the Grevis, 25 francs per day inclusive, and the Vieux-Cerisier, 30 to 32 francs inclusive. There are two other pensions, but we do not recommend these.

Your best route would be London–Paris–Strasbourg–Barr, and thence by motor-coach or car. It is possible to book a lit-toilette on the Paris–Strasbourg train for about 50 to 60 francs; these are much cheaper than a sleeping-car berth. Hohwald is about two hours from Barr station by coach.

Summer at Monte Carlo.—The Beach Hotel is quite the best in Monte Carlo and charges from 120 to 170 francs per day, inclusive. Each room has its own bathroom. There is also the New Beach Hotel which charges from 110 to 160 francs per day, inclusive.

A cheaper hotel with a sea-view is the Bristol-Majestic with inclusive terms of 40 to 50 francs per day or the Beau Rivage, 40 to 70 francs per day. The Mirabeau is also most comfortable, with a sea view, and the terms are 50 to 75 francs per day.

We enclose a booklet giving general information about Monte Carlo which we trust will interest you.

Mentone is quieter than Monte Carlo, but is within easy reach of its distractions. It enjoys perhaps the mildest climate on the Ligurian seaboard and is sheltered from the mistral by a semi-circle of mountains.

The best hotels are—The Imperial, 75 to 150 francs per day; Riviera Palace, 50 to 100 francs per day; Royal et Westminster, 55 to 100 francs per day; and the Winter Palace, 55 to 100 francs per day.

Cheaper hotels which are also very comfortable are—the Anglais 40 to 70 francs per day, Beau Rivage 40 to 70 francs per day, Iles-Britanniques 50 to 90 francs per day.

All the above are inclusive terms. [Ref. E.B. 93. July 8, 1936.]

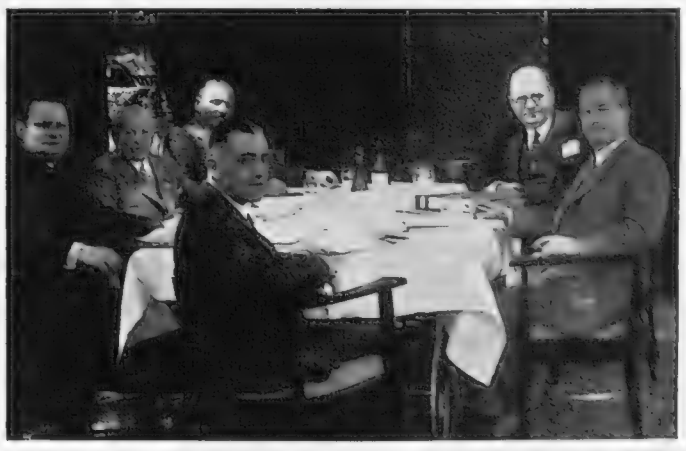
Drawn by Percy Home

IN THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY: The whole district of Stratford, Warwick, and Leamington is full of charm both historically and scenically. This view shows the old gabled house first occupied by Dr. John Hall, who married Shakespeare's daughter when he came to Stratford-on-Avon to practise medicine

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered



RENOWNED HOTELIERS meet at the Rheinhotel Dreesen, Godesberg-on-Rhine. Left to right—Mr. H. Reime, Manager of the Hotel Fürstenberg-Caracciola at Remagen-on-Rhine; Mr. H. Kämpfer, proprietor of the Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof, Coblenz-on-Rhine; Mr. M. Weisel, who manages the Bastei-Restaurant at Cologne-on-Rhine; Dr. A. Fusshöller, from the Rheinhotel Bellevue at Boppard-on-Rhine; Mr. Fr. Dreesen, the leader in the German restaurant and hotel trades; Mr. Th. Schäfer, proprietor of the Hotel Schwarzer Bock, Wiesbaden-on-Rhine

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Summer lasts longer in Cornwall. The early bird may get the worm but September gets the best weather. Half-an-hour more sunshine than London . . . half-an-hour more for bathing, surf-riding, fishing (trout), shooting, tennis, golf. After the heat of London enjoy the amenities and comforts of a very first-class hotel (String Band and Dance Orchestra) and return refreshed and secure from the cold of a London winter.

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faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

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Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

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In Quest of

The Fascination of Old Its Comfortable

THE road from Harrogate to Whitby lies through Ripon, Thirsk, Helmsley, and Pickering, and it is a route that is worth traversing in both directions more than once.

In case you stay in Ripon at any time, and it is in the very centre of some of the finest motoring country in England, you should make a note of the Spa Hotel there.

After Thirsk, mostly noted for its racecourse, the road lies up Sutton Bank, a hill which with its gradient of one in four must have spelled terror in the minds of early motorists. The view from the summit is magnificent, but there are finer views to come. The first indication of rugged scenery ahead is a notice on a garage wall as one leaves Pickering, saying, "This is the last garage for eighteen miles!"

The motorist who forgets the view as he traverses Lockton Low Moor, Saltergate Moor, Lockton High Moor, and Goathland Moor on the road to Whitby, must have a poor memory, particularly in regard to that panorama that lies around him, 920 ft. up, just prior to running down past the Inn at Saltergate.

Whitby is not a place one can assimilate in a day. It is essentially a place at which one should stay, for every day she shows you some new side to her nature. There are ever-changing lights on the roofs of Whitby old town; there are never-to-be-forgotten sunsets over the sea off Kettle Ness; there are sunrises again over the sea by Saltwick Nab, for Whitby and Cromer are the only two places in this country where one can witness the sun rise and set over the sea.

There are busy days and slack days down by the harbour; days, too, when the sea is as tranquil as glass and days when the sea in angry mood swirls and hurls herself against Whitby's massive pier. It is on such days that, holding your hat on with both hands, you will battle out to the extremity of her West Pier and look back on Whitby and her outstanding features, the old abbey ruins, the Metropole Hotel, and the triangular site formed by the Royal Hotel. The abbey ruins you will journey to as a pilgrimage to view the past—the two leading hotels, the Metropole and the Royal, you will visit if you would enjoy the pleasantries of the present.

The Royal occupies a grandstand position from which one can view the old town, the harbour entrance, and the abbey ruins, and the old church across the water. It is an hotel which accommodates some 300 people, where you can have quite a choice of self-contained suites, and the Hotel Metropole, one of the Frederick Hotels, is the Royal's only competitor; though for that matter there are times when both hotels would like to enlarge their capacity temporarily to meet the demand. It occupies a most commanding position on the west cliff, and so detached from its neighbours that practically every room in the

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A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

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FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
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Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
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Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
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Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
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Folkestone.—Princes' Hotel.
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Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Haywards Heath.—The Birch Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea (Sussex).—Southdean. Tel. 8.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (S. Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

and New Whitby and Hostelries

hotel has a sea view. Certainly, there are no inside rooms, so though as likely as not you cannot pick your room personally you are sure to have a room which is light, has a sea view, and in which you get the air straight from the sea. And what stimulating air it is.

At dinner the first night I stayed at the Metropole I was staggered by the size of the courses. The turbot which tasted as if it had leapt clean out of the sea that morning, seemed to me a meal in itself, but I was assured by the head waiter that after a few days there the air would have such an effect that I would be able to tackle a whole tunny fish! But of this I have my doubts, seeing the local guide illustrates the record tunny caught at Whitby weighing 851 lbs.

At the Metropole one detects certain of those pleasant characteristics which are common to the Frederick Hotels. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, who manage it, seemed to me the right people in the right place.

One further point before I reluctantly leave Whitby, which I had almost overlooked, is the "Whitby kipper." It is a growing industry at Whitby. Thousands of kippers are despatched each day by post and rail, beautifully cured by the original oak sawdust method. They are small and tasty, and the one I had for breakfast at the Metropole was despatched with alacrity.

Thank Yous.—E. S. writes: "Acting on your kind advice, and taking the opportunity of being in town, my wife motored to see Mrs. Antrobus at Nutley and has fixed matters up, being very favourably impressed with the house and surrounding country. Cordially thanking you for all the trouble you have so very kindly taken over our affairs, and expressing my admiration at the service offered by THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, which means so much to residents abroad like ourselves."

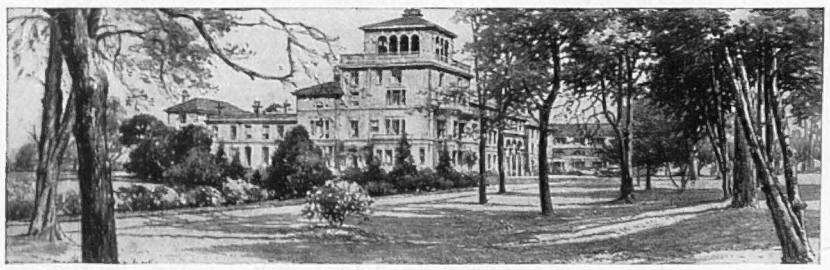
Farmhouse Accommodation.—Another address I can give you in Sussex is Mrs. Pratt, Boship Farm, Horsebridge, Hellingly. An excellent place for children; no child has been known to leave without shedding tears of regret into the old moat!

Torquay in August.—Replying to J. W. N., Rayleigh. You have left it very late, but if you telephone Torquay 2302 and speak to Mr. R. Paul, manager of Lincombe Hall Hotel, you will be lucky indeed if he has a room available—but if not I am sure he will be pleased to recommend you to some other hotel.

Bath Road.—I have heard very good reports of the Ailesbury Arms Hotel, Marlborough, and intend to go and see it myself in the near future.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



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Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
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Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Padd. 8013
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

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Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

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The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.
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A SUPERBLY APPOINTED HOTEL, RECENTLY OPENED AND FULLY LICENSED, SURROUNDED BY 30 ACRES PINEWOODS WITH EVERY WINDOW HAVING A PERFECT PANORAMA OF THE SUSSEX DOWNS. GOLF (WEST SUSSEX GOLF CLUB). TENNIS. RIDING. SEA BATHING.
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. . . an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?
FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING

THE RISK OF A CRASH

(Continued from page 182)

an accident caused by a slip which in motoring would have cost him only a bent mudguard. Well, his reputation is almost irretrievably damaged, and if he is bullied it may end his career. A few kind words, however, and all may come out right in the end for him.

One of the most expensive crashes was the Apollo case. It will have cost, one way and another, £50,000, and if it goes to the Court of Appeal the expenses will mount still higher. I refer to the Grein v. Imperial Airways litigation in which the widow of the pilot sued the company for negligence on the part of the pilot.

Another expensive crash was that of a twin-engined Belgian military machine, within forty-eight hours of the insurance being effected, there was a claim for £12,000. There is, however, a comedy side, particularly in the matter of third party risks—chickens and sheep run over by aeroplanes figure frequently in claims. But the best of all concerns a Puss Moth lent to an American with instructions not to leave it in a field where cattle could get at it. One day a telegram arrived to say "regret rudder eaten by cow." Next day came another. "Cow died from eating rudder, send £15."

In conclusion, it is extraordinary that such advances in safety have been made by civil aviation as to produce an extremely prosperous form of insurance based on remarkably low rates.

BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 184)

The Ryu-Kyu Islands, the scene of this Buddhist festival, led a completely independent existence until the year 1865, when the ruler of the islands concluded a treaty with the then ruling Mikado, by which he surrendered his country, and he himself went to live in Tokio as a private citizen. In old maps and gazetteers one will find the Ryu-Kyu referred to as the Loo Choo Islands, the "L" sound being changed into "R" by the Japanese, who are incapable of pronouncing an "L." Often referred to by the Japanese as the "Prefecture of Okinawa"—a word meaning "extended rope," a glance at the map gives the obvious reason. They are, physically, a sickle-shaped thin belt of fifty-five islands, large and small, practically joining southern Japan to Formosa. The islands are of volcanic structure; on one side the sea carries away the land bit by bit, simply to add it on again on the other side. The soil is fertile, and therefore the population consists chiefly of small farmers, garden-owners, and artisans. Only in Matsuyama and Okito a certain amount of industrial life has sprung up, and therefore the factory owner—in contrast to the rest of over-industrialised Japan—is on the Ryu-Kyu Islands in the minority.

NAVY AND PUBLIC

(Continued from page 190)

submarines—a step which certainly was not visualised in 1930.

For these reasons the British Government felt justified in approaching the other two signatory Powers—the United States and Japan—with a request to be allowed to retain 40,000 tons of old destroyers. There was no need to prefer this request. The treaty included the machinery of escape from its limitations in the form of the "escalator clause." This permits a Power to effect an increase in one or more classes of ship if she finds her security "materially affected" by the naval construction of a non-signatory Power. The only proviso is that the Power desiring to effect the increase shall notify the other signatories, who shall be entitled to make proportionate increases in their own navies.

But we did not at first avail ourselves of this clause. It was thought better to prefer a request. But this met with opposition, and we are now to invoke the "escalator clause" in order to retain the 40,000 tons of destroyers.

Great Britain has high hopes of making the new naval treaty an effective measure of limitation. To this end negotiations are in progress with Germany and Soviet Russia. If, in the uncertain state of affairs, this treaty can be made operative and universal it will be a great stabilising influence and economy, for the new treaty, while avoiding the rationing of navies by numerical limitation, should eradicate the most expensive competition of all—competition in types.

MISS DIANA COOKE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stenson Cooke, and granddaughter of Sir Stenson Cooke, known throughout the world as the secretary of the Automobile Association, the biggest motorists' organisation in existence

MISS SHEILA ROLLESTON ALBERY, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bronson Albery, and granddaughter of the late Lady Wyndham. She was presented at Court by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Rolleston, a daughter of the late Lord Clarina

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Cont. from page 194)

more than a year. Nowadays such a case would be supplanted in the public's eyes at the end of a few days, but in those more tranquil times it sufficed them for a twelvemonth, and interested such prominent people as the Lord Mayor of London; "Sir" John Hill, a famous contemporary quack; Fielding; and the satirist, Churchill.

Mr. Harvey Darton has reconstructed not so much the trial as the journey, which must have taken the gipsies halfway across England. He has reconstructed it, but he has also travelled it himself, and principally on foot, which he suggests as a way of making a journey into the eighteenth century, by way of Somerset, Dorset, Wiltshire, and Hampshire.

Famous crimes have often been reconstructed in fiction or in historical studies. Here is the most famous defence by alibi, retold, and in part, re-enacted. **ALIBI PILGRIMAGE** (George Newnes. 10s. 6d.) has the merit of that originality, but its greater value is as a study, a friendly, intimate history of the Wessex Mr. Harvey Darton knows so well. The Canning case, we might suspect, has merely been used as a likely peg on which to hang a dissertation on Dorset life, some interesting anecdotes about deer-stealers and squires, and a really absorbing treatise on ancient highways.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee are endeavouring to provide special treats for those children who have been unable to leave the Society's Homes for holidays. There are over 300 children under the care of the Society who have no one to go to at holiday time. If funds permit, expeditions could be arranged to such educational places as the Whipsnade Zoo, etc. etc. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send something towards this good cause, addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Good Motoring Centre.

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Illustrated Booklet and Tariff (post free) on application to Manageress.

Telephone: Banchory 84. *Telegrams: "Rest" Banchory.*

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From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air. Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed.

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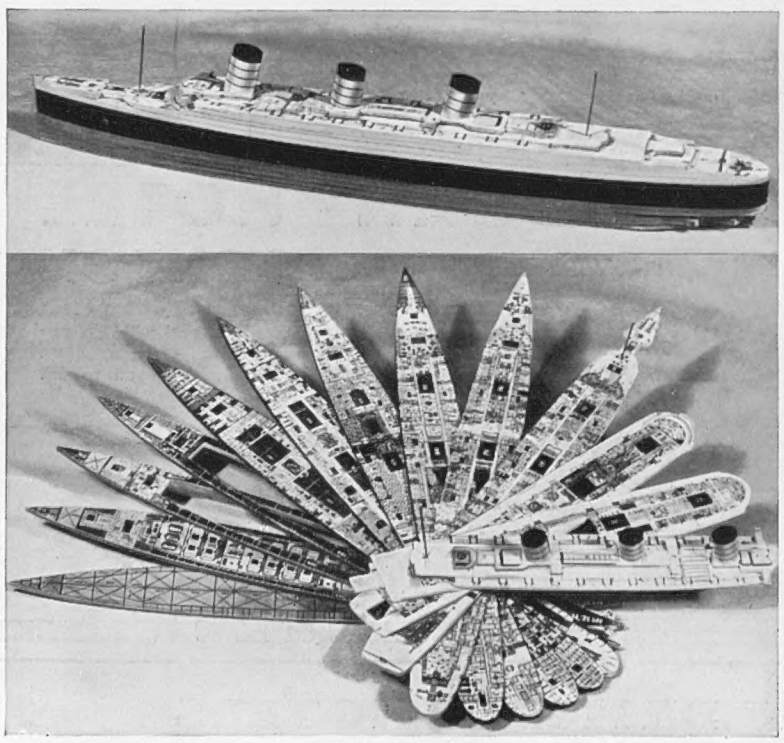
UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF

R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."



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